This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

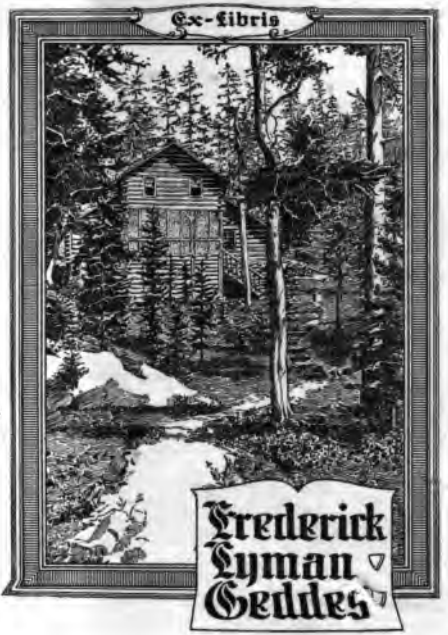
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 3 9015 00395 272 1
University of Michigan - BUHR


Ex-Libris
Frederick
Lyman
Geddes

Heath Sculp

[illegible] Bell British Library Strand April 17th 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestick numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

331.
B42
v.6

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, facred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (χ σίζυ αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαθοὺς,
Τούς τε Καταχθονίους. *Pythag. Aur. Car.*

———*Si non* Uranie *Lyram*
Cæleſtum cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeek to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The heading foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

11.2
495
63-64

Gift
Hodder Family
4-29-32

PREFACE.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness, that an art inspired from heaven should have so far lost the memory of its birthplace as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! how basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! the iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of Piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel when his "right hand became glorious in "power, when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in "pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his "hosts were cast into the Red Sea; thou didst blow "with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they "sank as lead in the mighty waters," *Exod.* xv. This art was maintained sacred thro' the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world

as the darkneſs of that diſpenſation would admit; and now and then a divine and poetick rapture lifted their ſouls far above the level of that economy of ſhadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpſe of evangelick day. The life of angels was harmoniouſly breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raiſed near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of Heatheniſm the Muſes were devoted to the ſame ſervice: the language in which old Heſiod addreſſes them is this;

Μῦσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δι᾽ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ᾽ ὑμνείουσαι.

Pierian Muſes, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
Deſcend, and ſing the God your father's praiſe.

And he purſues the ſubject in ten pious lines, which I could bear to tranſcribe if the aſpect and ſound of ſo much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But ſome of the later poets of the Pagan world have debaſed this divine gift; and many of the writers of the firſt rank in this our age of national Chriſtians have, to their eternal ſhame, ſurpaſſed the vileſt of the Gentiles. They have not only diſrobed religion of all the ornaments of verſe, but have employed their pens in impious miſchief to deform her native beauty and defile her honours: they have expoſed her moſt ſacred character to drollery, and dreſſed her up in a moſt vile and ridiculous diſguiſe for the ſcorn of the

ruder herd of mankind. The Vices have been painted like ſo many goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where Nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound and delicacies of expreſſion they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried "Reformation," while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far and ſcattered wide the mortal infection; unthinking youth have been enticed to ſin beyond the vicious propenſities of Nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes! Was it for this that Poeſy was endued with all theſe allurements that lead the mind away in a pleaſing captivity? was is for this ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms that ſhe might ſeduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of beings? Can I ever be perſuaded that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit to invade the rights of Heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men? How will theſe

allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls whom they never ſaw ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The reverend Mr. Collier has ſet this awful ſcene before them in juſt and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil that noble ſtanza of my Lord Roſcommon on *Pſal.* cxlviii. might be addreſſed to them;

> Ye dragons! whoſe contagious breath
> Peoples the dark retreats of Death,
> Change your dire hiſſings into heav'nly ſongs,
> And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debaſement of ſo divine an art has tempted ſome weaker Chriſtians to imagine that poetry and vice are nearely akin, or at leaſt that verſe is fit only to recommend trifles and entertain our looſer hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is ſerious and ſacred. They ſubmit indeed to uſe it in divine pſalmody, but they love the drieſt tranſlation of the pſalms beſt. They will venture to ſing a dull hymn or two at church in tunes of equal dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves and their children that the beauties of poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that ariſes a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the ſentence of *unclean* and *abominable*. It is ſtrange that perſons that have the Bible in their hands ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs prejudices to ſo wild

and raſh an opinion: let me entreat them not to indulge this ſour this cenſorious humour too far, leſt the ſacred writers fall under the laſh of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches: let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the ſtyle and way of writing that is uſed by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot or were they never told that many parts of The Old Teſtament are Hebrew verſe? and the figures are ſtronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more ſurpriſing and ſtrange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah ſings her praiſes to the God of Iſrael while he marched from the field of Edom, ſhe ſets the "earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains diſſolve, "from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, "the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera: when "the river of Kiſhon ſwept them away, that ancient "river, the river Kiſhon. O my ſoul, thou haſt trod-"den down ſtrength," *Judg.* v. 4. *&c.* When Eliphaz in the book of Job ſpeaks his ſenſe of the holineſs of God he introduces a machine in a viſion; "Fear came "upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of "my fleſh ſtood up; a ſpirit paſſed by and ſtood ſtill, "but its form was undiſcernible; an image before "mine eyes, and ſilence; then I heard a voice ſay-"ing, Shall mortal man be more juſt than God?" *&c. Job* iv. When he deſcribes the ſafety of the righteous he "hides him from the ſcourge of the tongue,

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. V.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, facred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (ἔχ σέθεν αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαθύς,
Τύς τε Καταχθονίυς. *Pythag. Aur. Car.*

———*Si non Uranie Lyram*
Excluſum cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

world: how meanly do the beſt of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this ſubject when brought into compariſon with Moſes, whom Longinus himſelf, a Gentile critick, cites as a maſter of the ſublime ſtyle when he choſe to uſe it! "And the Lord ſaid, Let there be "light, and there was light; let there be clouds and "ſeas, ſun and ſtars, plants and animals, and behold "they are." He commanded, and they appear and obey. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, "and all the hoſt of them by the breath of his mouth." This is working like a God, with infinite eaſe and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terrour and ruin of his adverſaries, and for the ſuccour of his ſaints, is ſet before our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. "When "he ariſes out of his place the earth trembles, the "foundations of the hills are ſhaken becauſe he is "wroth; there goes a ſmoke up out of his noſtrils, and "fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by "it. He bows the heavens and comes down, and dark"neſs is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, "and flow down at his preſence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a deſcending god they might uſe thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horſes for the battle or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs inſtead of horſes, or ſeats him in *chariots of ſalvation*. David beholds him

riding "upon the heaven of heavens by his name "Jah: he was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; "he flew on wings of the wind:" and Habakkuk "sends the pestilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νεφεληγερετὰ Ζεὺς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης. Jupiter that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the dust of "his feet; and when the Highest gives his voice into "the heavens hailstones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet "discovers the channels of the waters, "and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy re-"buke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy no-"strils. When the Holy One alighted upon Mount "Sinai his glory covered the heavens; he stood and "measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder "the nations, and the everlasting mountains were "scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are "everlasting." Then the prophet saw "the tents of "Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of "Midian did tremble," *Hab.* iii. Nor did the blessed Spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr Dennis has made a noble essay to dis-

cover how much ſuperiour is inſpired poeſy to the brighteſt and beſt deſcriptions of a mortal pen; perhaps if his propoſal of criticiſm had been encouraged and purſued the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been ſecured from the danger of deiſm, while they muſt have been forced to confeſs at leaſt the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture when they ſee a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to aſſert that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dreſs? Shall the French poet * affright us by ſaying

" De la foy d'un Crestien les myſteres terribles,
" D'ornemens egayez ne ſont point ſuſceptibles!"

But the French critick †, in his "Reflections upon "Eloquence," tells us "that the majeſty of our reli- "gion, the holineſs of its laws, the purity of its mo- "rals, the height of its myſteries, and the importance "of every ſubject that belongs to it, requires a gran- "deur, a nobleneſs, a majeſty, and elevation of ſtyle, "ſuited to the theme; ſparkling images and magni- "ficent expreſſions muſt be uſed, and are beſt bor- "rowed from Scripture. Let the preacher that aims "at eloquence read the Prophets inceſſantly, for their "writings are an abundant ſource of all the riches "and ornaments of ſpeech." And in my opinion

* Boileau. † Rapin.

this is far better counſel than Horace gives us when he ſays

——————" Vos exemplaria Græca
" Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna."

As in the conduct of my ſtudies with regard to divinity I have reaſon to repent of nothing more than that I have not peruſed the Bible with more frequency, ſo if I were to ſet up for a poet with a deſign to exceed all the modern writers I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am ſure the compoſures of the following book would have been filled with much greater ſenſe, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Beſides, we may fetch a further anſwer to Monſ. Boileau's objection from other poets of his own country. What a noble uſe have Racine and Corneille made of Chriſtian ſubjects in ſome of their beſt tragedies! what a variety of divine ſcenes are diſplayed and pious paſſions awakened in thoſe poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the ſame time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to ſuch entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wiſhed for and ſought in vain in our own: yet I muſt confeſs that the Davideis

* Philomela.

and the two Arthurs have ſo far anſwered Boileau's objection in Engliſh, as that the obſtacles of attempting Chriſtian poeſy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed the Chriſtian myſteries have not ſuch need of gay trappings as beautified or rather compoſed the Heathen ſuperſtition; but this ſtill makes for the greater eaſe and ſurer ſucceſs of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a ſimple dreſs, have a native grandeur, a dignity and a beauty, in them, though they do not utterly diſdain all methods of ornament. The Book of the Revelations ſeems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera or a dramatick poem, where divine art illuſtrates the ſubject with many charming glories: but ſtill it muſt be acknowledged that the naked themes of Chriſtianity have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurpriſing and celeſtial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of falſe luſtre that form and garniſh a Heathen ſong. Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muſe, and the heavenly theme would

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his laſt poem entitled Alfred, has more copiouſly refuted all Boileau's arguments on this ſubject, and that with great juſtice and elegance, 1723. I am perſuaded that many perſons who deſpiſe the poem would acknowledge the juſt ſentiments of that preface.

ſo relieve a dull hour and a languiſhing genius, that when the Muſe nods the ſenſe would burn and ſparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much leſs toil and expenſe might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furniſh out a Chriſtian poem than a modern play? There is nothing amongſt all the ancient fables or later romances that have two ſuch extremes united in them as the Eternal God becoming an infant of days; the Poſſeſſor of the palace of heaven laid to ſleep in a manger; the holy Jeſus, who knew no ſin, bearing the ſins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of ſorrow loading the ſoul of him who was God over all, bleſſed for ever! and the Sovereign of life ſtretching his arms on a croſs, bleeding and expiring. The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childiſh figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with ſnaky hairs, or all the flowry ſtories of Elyſium. And if we ſurvey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the ſprings of paſſion will fall infinitely on the ſide of the Chriſtian poet: our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and ſorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, muſt needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whoſe every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his ſoul.

it the ſame happy talent were employed ir
ſcenes of religion in their proper figure:
ſweetneſs, and terrour! the wonders of cre:
of redeeming love and renewing grace,
be thus impiouſly neglected by thoſe wh
has endued with a gift ſo proper to adorn
them; an art whoſe ſweet inſinuations n
convey piety in reſiſting nature, and melt
ſouls to the love of virtue. The affairs of t
their reference to a life to come, would
in a dramatick deſcription; nor is there
any reaſon why we ſhould always borrow
hiſtory from the ancient Jews or primiti
though ſeveral of theſe would furniſh ou
terials for this ſort of poeſy; but modern ſ
be better underſtood by moſt readers, an
cation would be much more eaſy. The an
ward guilt, the ſecret [illegible]

the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal, and the consequent transports or horrours of the two eternal worlds, these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances under a divine blessing call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them, for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose, the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace and the ancient

Lyricks, I perſuade myſelf that the Chriſtian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet in his deſign to diffuſe virtue and allure ſouls to God. If the heart were firſt inflamed from Heaven, and the Muſe were not left alone to form the devotion and purſue a cold ſcent, but only called in as an aſſiſtant to the worſhip, then the ſong would end where the inſpiration ceaſes, the whole compoſure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour, and the ſame pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter Odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Eſſays in Verſe, are convincing inſtances of the ſucceſs of this propoſal.

It is my opinion alſo that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble meaſures of Milton without rhyme, would beſt maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a looſe to the devout ſoul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our old pſalm tranſlators, I have not contracted and cramped the ſenſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the too ſpeedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reaſon of the following compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title aſſures them that poeſy is not the buſineſs of my life; and if I ſeized thoſe hours of leiſure wherein my ſoul was in a more ſprightly frame to entertain them or myſelf with a divine or moral ſong I hope I ſhall find an eaſy pardon.

In the Firſt Book are many odes which were written to aſſiſt the meditations and worſhip of vulgar Chriſtians, and with a deſign to be publiſhed in the volume of Hymns which I have now paſſed a ſecond impreſſion; but upon the review I found ſome expreſſions that were not ſuited to the plaineſt capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to pleaſe the weaker Chriſtian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongſt the Songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to aſſert that I never compoſed one line of them with any other deſign than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to ſecure them all from being perverted and debaſed to wanton paſſions by ſeveral lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the nobleſt inſtances of the grace of Chriſt repreſented under the figure of a conjugal ſtate, and deſcribed in one of the ſweeteſt odes and the ſofteſt paſtoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon * in his Song, and his father David, in *Pſalm* xlv. if David was the author; and I am well aſſured that I have never indul-

* Solomon's Song was much more in uſe amongſt preachers and writers of *divinity when* theſe poems were written than *it is now, 1736.*

ged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the ſacred writers too nearly in ſo nice an affair.

The Poems ſacred to Virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my ſoul was juſt ſuited to the ſubject of my verſe: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whoſe ſoul is akin to mine perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulneſs of the fancy and coarſeneſs of expreſſion will diſappear; the ſameneſs of the humour will create a pleaſure, and inſenſibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muſe. Young gentlemen and ladies whoſe genius and education have given them a reliſh of oratory and verſe may be tempted to ſeek ſatisfaction among the dangerous diverſions of the ſtage, and impure ſonnets, if there be no proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this reſpect I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raiſe it to a diſdain of brutal pleaſures. The frequent interpoſition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a ſerious ſenſe of God, religion, and eternity. The ſame duty that might be deſpiſed in a ſermon when propoſed to their reaſon, may here perhaps ſeize the lower faculties with ſurpriſe, delight, and devotion, at once, and thus by degrees draw the ſuperiour powers of the mind to piety. Amongſt the infinite numbers of mankind there is

not more difference in their outward ſhape and features than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of religion in a grave diſcourſe and ſedate reaſoning; ſome are beſt frighted from ſin and ruin by terrour, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the propereſt paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their ingenuity and their poliſhed imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the ſoul to lead it away betimes from vicious pleaſures; and if I could but make up a compoſition of virtue and delight ſuited to the taſte of wellbred youth and a refined education, I had ſome hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and cuſtom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight inclination to ſatire or burleſque I thought it proper to ſuppreſs it. The grinning and the growling Muſe are not hard to be obtained, but I would diſdain their aſſiſtance where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly ſmile may be ſucceſsfully employed. Could I perſuade any man by a kinder method I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are ſome moroſe readers that ſtand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love; but have we not the cares and the

felicities of that ſort of ſocial life repreſented to us in the Sacred Writings? Some expreſſions are there uſed with a deſign to give a mortifying influence to our ſofteſt affections, others again brighten the character of that ſtate, and allure virtuous ſouls to purſue the divine advantage of it, the mutual aſſiſtance in the way to ſalvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith Pſalms indited on this very ſubject? ſhall it be lawful for the preſs and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming ſolemnity in proſe, and muſt the mention of the ſame thing in poeſy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a ſerious character to write on this argument becauſe it has been unhappily polluted by ſome ſcurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing miſchief, while a thouſand vile poems of the amorous kind ſwarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear that virtue and love are not ſuch ſtrangers as they are repreſented. The bliſsful intimacy of ſouls in that ſtate will afford ſufficient furniture for the graveſt entertainment in verſe, ſo that it need not be everlaſtingly dreſſed up in ridicule, nor aſſumed only to furniſh out the loud ſonnets of the times. May ſome happier genius promote the ſame ſervice that I propoſed, and

by ſuperiour ſenſe and ſweeter ſound render what I have written contemptible and uſeleſs!

The imitations of that nobleſt Latin poet of modern ages, Caſimire Sarbiewſki of Poland, would need no excuſe did they but ariſe to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might ſuit my Song more to my own deſign, or becauſe I ſaw it impoſſible to preſent the force, the fineneſs, and the fire, of his expreſſion in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed ſome hints from the ſame author without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow ſo ſuperiour a genius how and then to be laviſh in his imagination, and to indulge ſome excurſions beyond the limits of ſedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verſe make atonement in abundance. I wiſh ſome Engliſh pen would import more of his treaſures and bleſs our nation.

The Inſcriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almoſt all the Lyrick writers: they frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the ſofter method of applauſe. Suſtained by their example a man will not eaſily be overwhelmed by the heavieſt cenſures of the unthinking and unknowing, eſpecially when there is a ſhadow of this practice in the divine Pſalmiſt, while he

inſcribes to Aſaph or Jeduthun his ſongs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyrick Odes, though they are addreſſed to God himſelf.

In the Poems of heroick meaſure I have attempted in rhyme the ſame variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verſe glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the beſt verſification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, juſt in the ſame pace and with the ſame pauſes: it ſpoils the nobleſt pleaſure of the ſound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to ſleep with the unmanly ſoftneſs of the numbers and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the Eſſays without Rhyme I have not ſet up Milton for a perfect pattern, though he ſhall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled inſtances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majeſty and ſereneneſs of thought. There are ſeveral epiſodes in his longer works that ſtand in ſupreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vaſt reverence with which I read his Paradiſe Loſt cannot perſuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and ſometimes of his parentheſes, runs me out of breath: ſome of his numbers ſeem too harſh and uneaſy. I could never believe that roughneſs and obſcurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem;

nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back as far as the days of Colin the Shepherd and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures;

"Attonituſque legis terrai frugiferai."

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindaricks I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the

friend. Let him chuſe ſuch copies to read at particular hours when the temper of his mind is ſuited to the ſong: let him come with a deſire to be entertained and pleaſed, rather than to ſeek his own diſguſt and averſion, which will not be hard to find. I am not ſo vain as to think there are no faults, nor ſo blind as to eſpy none, tho' I hope the multitude of alterations in this ſecond edition are not without amendment. There is ſo large a difference between this and the former in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various tranſpoſitions, that it would be uſeleſs and endleſs, and all confuſion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions alſo make up almoſt half the book, and ſome of theſe have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to poliſh the roughneſs of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it ſhine. Wide defects and equal ſuperfluities may be found, eſpecially in the larger pieces; but I have at preſent neither inclination nor leiſure to correct, and I hope I never ſhall. It is one of the biggeſt ſatisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again *; ſo that my

* "Naturam expellas furca licet, uſque recurret." *Hor.* Will this ſhort note of Horace excuſe a man who has reſiſted nature many years, but has been ſometimes overcome? 1735. Edition the 7th.

friends may be perfectly ſecure againſt this impreſſion's growing waſte upon their hands, and uſeleſs as the former has done. Let minds that are better furniſhed for ſuch performances purſue theſe ſtudies, if they are convinced that poeſy can be made ſerviceable to religion and virtue; as for myſelf, I almoſt bluſh to think that I have read ſo little and written ſo much. The following years of my life ſhall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my ſtation, excepting thoſe hours that may be employed in finiſhing my Imitation of the Pſalms of David in Chriſtian language, which I have now promiſed the world *.

I cannot court the world to purchaſe this book for their pleaſure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleaſes me; the beſt of them ſinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the myſteries of Heaven or of the Muſes ſhould be a genius of no vulgar mould; and as the name *Vates* belongs to both, ſo the furniture of both is compriſed in that line of Horace,

——" Cui mens divinior, atque os
" Magna ſonaturum"——

But what Juvenal ſpake in his age abides true in ours; a complete poet or a prophet is ſuch a one,

——" Qualem nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum."

Perhaps neither of theſe characters in perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on earth till the ſeventh angel has

* In the year 1719 theſe were finiſhed and printed.

ſounded his awful trumpet, till the victory be complete over the Beaſt and his image, when the natives of heaven ſhall join in concert with prophets and ſaints, and ſing to their golden harps "Salvation, "honour, and glory, to him that ſits upon the throne, "and to the Lamb, for ever!"

May 14. 1709.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS,

ADDRESSED TO MR. WATTS.

On reading Dr. Watts' poems ſacred to piety and devotion.

REGARD the man who in ſeraphick lays
And flowing numbers ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled Muſe's art,
The heav'nly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inſpire
With holy raptures and a ſacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul and guiltleſs breaſt
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty Gueſt!
'Tis he that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre when thou attempt'ſt to ſing;
He to thy ſoul lets in celeſtial day
Ev'n whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal clay.
By Death's grim aſpect thou art not alarm'd;
He for thy ſake has Death itſelf diſarm'd:
Nor ſhall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boaſt;
Her triumph in thy riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th' angelick choirs above
In never-ending ſongs of praiſe and love.

EUSEBIA.

To Dr. Watts on his poems ſacred to devotion.

I.

To murm'ring ſtreams in tender ſtrains
My penſive Muſe no more
Of Love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry ſhore.

II.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While Watts! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong,
And let remoteſt lands reply
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours thro' the air
From her reſplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the newfound realms which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When with an eaſy progreſs he
Rolls down the nether ſkies. 32

July 1706. PEILOMELA.

To Dr. Watts on reading his Horæ Lyricæ.

HAIL, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, ſelf conſcious of a ſoul
Superiour, tho' on earth detain'd a while.
Like ſome propitious angel that's deſign'd
A reſident in this inferiour orb
To guide the wand'ring ſouls to heav'nly bliſs
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting ſongs
Haſt ſung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of Heav'n; with thought ſu-
And high ſonorous words thou ſweetly ſing'ſt [blime
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old,
When firſt th'Almighty from the dark abyſs
Of everlaſting night and ſilence call'd
The ſhining worlds with one creating word,

II.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While Watts! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With ſuch a graceful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong,
And let remoteſt lands reply
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours thro' the air
From her reſplendent wings;

And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs bless'd
The bounteous Author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate musick rang,
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echoes of th' angelick choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns terrestrial heav'n,
The Paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air
Fann'd by mild Zephirs breath'd eternal sweets,
Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heav'nly bloom and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Pow'r supreme that gave them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous, they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder, and Almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; rememb'ring well the day
When, driv'n from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd 'em down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable, gulf,

Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good,
And fix'd for ever by eternal Fate
With horrour find his arm omnipotent.
  Prodigious madness! that the sacred Muse,
First taught in heav'n to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to ev'ry idol basely bow
And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each fordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desp'rate foe
Of God and man, and winning ev'ry hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and thus outdone
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.
  Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you 'll find
What 't is to banter Heav'n and laugh at hell,
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls thro' flow'ry paths
In gaudy dreams and vain fantastick joys
To dismal scenes of everlasting wo,
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,

While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead,
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driv'n,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye Men of wit! what turn of thought
Will please you then? alas! how dull and poor
Ev'n to yourselves will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you 'll wish
You 'ad been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd,
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall singe your laurels, and the very men
Who thought they flew so high shall fall so low.
No more, my Muse! of that tremendous thought;
Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
'Th' immortal man that with immortal verse
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Despises mortal criticks' idle rules;
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our lab'ring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the Pagan poets ever sung,
Homer or Virgil, and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
And purer far, tho' Martial's self might seem
A modest poet in our Christian days.

May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie;
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Chriſtian line,
While with the coarſe and daubing paint we hide
The ſhining beauties of eternal Truth,
That in her native dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the eyes of angels—Oh! like thee
Let ev'ry nobler genius tune his voice
To ſubjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts:
Let Heav'n and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and conſecrate your deathleſs lays
To him who reigns above and her who rules below.

April 17. 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Dr. Watts on his divine poems.

Say, human ſeraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe? Say, did not he,
The lovely Jeſus, who commands thy breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With Jeſus dwells,
Knit in myſterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlaſting ſource
Of love: and what is love in ſouls like thine
But air and incenſe to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring ſaint, whoſe ſwimming eyes

Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains
How greedily he 'd drink the muſick in,
Thinking his heav'nly convoy waited near!
So great a ſtreſs of pow'rful harmony
Nature, unable longer to ſuſtain,
Would ſink oppreſs'd with joy to endleſs reſt.
Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of ſpirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night:
What tho' no ſhining angel darts from thence
With leave to publiſh things conceal'd from ſenſe?
In language bright as theirs we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what make their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as Watts's are, and love like his.
But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe
To tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd your Muſe,
Leſt whilſt th' ecſtatick impulſe you obey
The ſoul leap out and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4. 1706. HENRY GROVE.

To Dr. Watts on the fifth edition of his Horæ Lyricæ.

Sov'REIGN of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe:
A Muſe the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong,

Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her pow'rs to celebrate thy name.
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine.
Milton, immortal bard! divinely bright,
Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light,
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celeſtial throng,
Delighted cherubs liſt'ning to the ſong:
From bliſs to bliſs the happy beings rove,
And taſte the ſweets of muſick and of love:
But when the ſofter ſcenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the ſaint,
When you deſcribe how few the happy pairs
Whoſe hearts united ſoften all their cares,
We ſee to whom the ſweeteſt joys belong,
And Myra's beauties conſecrate your ſong.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleaſing theme for ever dwell,
But the Muſe faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy ſtrains with wonder and delight.

When tombs of princes ſhall in ruins lie,
And all but heav'n-born Piety ſhall die,
When the laſt trumpet wakes the ſilent dead,
And each laſcivious poet hides his head,
With thee ſhall thy divine Urania riſe,
Crown'd with freſh laurels to thy native ſkies;
Great Howe and Gouge ſhall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly ſtrings,
And join the lyrick ode while ſome fair ſeraph ſings.

Sic ſpirat, ſic optat,

Tui amantiſſimus,

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

Worſhipping with fear.

Who dares attempt th' Eternal Name
With notes of mortal ſound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme
And ſpread deſpair around.

2. Deſtruction waits t'obey his frown,
And heav'n attends his ſmile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it ſtill.

3. Celeſtial King! our ſpirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wiſh and caſt a longing eye
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

4. When ſhall we ſee the Great Unknown,
And in thy preſence ſtand?
Reveal the ſplendours of thy throne,
But ſhield us with thy hand.

5. In thee what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glories ſhines!
The croſſing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

6. Angels are loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe
If thou unvail thy grace,
And humble awe runs thro' the ſkies
When wrath arrays thy face.

7. When mercy joins with majeſty
To ſpread their beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt minds on high
Are ſhadows of a God.

8. Thy works the ſtrongeſt ſeraph ſings
In a too feeble ſtrain,
And labours hard on all his ſtrings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

9. Created pow'rs how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

Aſking leave to ſing.

YET, mighty God! indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilſt the young notes and vent'rous ſong
To worlds of glory ſoar.

2. If thou my daring flight forbid
The Muſe folds up her wings,
Or at thy word her ſlender reed
Attempts almighty things.

3. Her ſlender reed inſpir'd by thee
Bids a new Eden grow
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And ſpreads a heav'n below.

4. She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath,
And calls th' angelick hoſts to arms
To give the nations death.

5. But when ſhe taſtes her Saviour's love
And feels the rapture ſtrong,
Scarce the divineſt harp above
Aims at a ſweeter ſong.

Divine judgments.

I.

Not from the duſt my ſorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my comfort from the lower ſkies;
Let all the baneful planets ſhed
Their mingled curſes on my head,
How vain their curſes if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bleſs me with his eyes?
Creatures with all their boaſted ſway
Are but his ſlaves and muſt obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to ſleep;
The north wind bluſters, and aſſumes command
Over the deſert and the deep:

Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glaſs,
Arreſts the dancing riv'lets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores:
The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with with'ring eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.
Athieſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme;
God has a thouſand terrours in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt and magazines of flame.
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath,
His ſharp artillery from the north (frame.
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings,
And flocks, and herds, and nations, die,
While impious lips profanely bold
Grow pale, and quiv'ring at his dreadful cold
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

IV.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth
When the hot Dogſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought and defeaſe, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity;
In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty ſweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms that ravage o'er the deep
And bury millions in the waves,
Earthquakes that in midnight ſleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves,
While you diſpenſe your mortal harms [alarms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

VI.

O for a meſſage from above
To bear my ſpirits up,
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrours and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God and the whole world is mine;
While thou art ſov'reign I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear and all I wiſh, heav'n, earth, and hell, [are thine.

Earth and heaven.

Hast thou not ſeen, impatient boy,
Haſt thou not read the ſolemn truth,
That gray Experience writes for giddy youth
On ev'ry mortal joy?
"Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain;"
And yet with heedleſs haſte
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring:)
From the curs'd ſoil ſome dang'rous taint they bear;
So roſes grow on thorns and honey wears a ſting.

II.

In vain we ſeek a heav'n below the ſky;
The world has falſe but flatt'ring charms;
Its diſtant joys ſhow big in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye:

In our embrace the viſions die,
And when we graſp the airy forms
We loſe the pleaſing dream.

III.

Earth with her ſcenes of gay delight
Is but a landſcape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours and falſe light;
Diſtance commends it to the ſight
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauſeous daubing nigh
Coarſe and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Diſſolve the pleaſure and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my ſoul! pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Thoſe heav'ns are fairer than they ſeem;
There pleaſures all ſincere glide on in cryſtal rills;
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief diſturbs the ſtream:
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curſed ſoil no tainted ſpring,
Nor roſes grow on thorns nor honey wears a ſting.

Felicity above.

No, 'tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs;
For bliſs can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where Jeſus is
And tread on heav'nly ground.

2. There 's nothing round theſe painted ſkies
Or round this duſty clod,
Nothing, my ſoul! that 's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

3. 'Tis heav'n on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace,
And all the heav'n I hope above
Is but to ſee his face.

4. Why move my years in ſlow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the ſpheres cleave and mark my way
To the ſuperiour ſky.

5. Dear Sov'reign! break theſe vital ſtrings
That bind me to my clay:
Take me Uriel on thy wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

God's dominion and decrees.

KEEP ſilence all created things
And wait your Maker's nod;
The Muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3. Th' almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endleſs realms reſign,
And lo! ten thouſand globes of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

4. Now wiſdom with ſuperiour ſway
Guides the vaſt moving frame,
Whilſt all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

5. He ſpake; the ſun obedient ſtood
And held the falling day,
Old Jordan backward drives his flood
And diſappoints the ſea.

6. Lord of the armies of the ſky
He marſhals all the ſtars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

7. Chain'd to his throne a volume lies
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and ſize
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

8. His providence unfolds the book
And makes his counſels ſhine;
Each op'ning leaf and ev'ry ſtroke
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

9. Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown,
Anon the following page he turns
And treads the monarchs down.

10. Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives,
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

11. My God! I never long'd to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes ſhall riſe.

12. In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name
Recorded in ſome humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-conſecration.

I.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my days;
My inward pow'r ſhall burn and flame
With zeal and paſſion for thy name;
I would not ſpeak but for my God, nor move but to [his praiſe.

II.

What are my eyes but aids to ſee
The glories of the Deity
Inſcrib'd with beams of light
On flow'rs and ſtars? Lord! I behold
The ſhining azure green and gold, [ſight.
But when I try to read thy name a dimneſs veils my

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil ſings
Sicilian ſwains or Trojan kings,
And drink the muſick in:
Why ſhould the trumpet's brazen voice
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart ſo ſtupid lie when ſacred hymns begin?

IV.

Change me, O God! my fleſh ſhall be
An inſtrument of ſong to thee,
And thou the notes inſpire;
My tongue ſhall keep the heav'nly chime,
My cheerful pulſe ſhall beat the time,
And ſweet variety of ſound ſhall in thy praiſe conſpire.

V.

The deareſt nerve about my heart,
Should it refuſe to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious ſtring, or ſhew my zeal in death.

The Creator and creatures.

God is a name my ſoul adores,
Th' almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace with all their pow'rs
Confeſs the Infinite Unknown.

2. From thy Great Self thy being ſprings;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And ſelf-ſufficience bears them all.

3. Thy voice produc'd the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets ſhine,
But nothing like thyſelf appears
Thro' all theſe ſpacious works of thine.

4. Still reſtleſs Nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no ſucceſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt deſigns are one.

5. A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright world and moves their frame;
Broad ſheets of light compoſe thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

6. Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

7. How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face.

8. Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy wiſdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

The nativity of Chriſt.

" SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And ſend your fears away,
" News from the region of the ſkies,
" Salvation 's born to-day.
2. " Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.
3. " No gold nor purple ſwaddlingbands,
" Nor royal ſhining things;
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the King of kings.
4. " Go, ſhepherds! where the infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, ſhepherds! kiſs the Son."
5. Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:
6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace ſurround the earth;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
" At their Redeemer's birth."

7. Lord! and ſhall angels have their ſongs
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When they forget to praiſe!
8. Glory to God that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn;
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

God glorious, and ſinners ſaved.

FATHER! how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſand thro' the ſkies.
2. Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.
3. Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.
4. But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms,

5. Our thoughts are loſt in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of God before.

6. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

7. When ſinners broke the Father's laws
The dying Son atones:
Oh the dear myſt'ries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

8. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Sweet cherubs learn Emanuel's name
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

9. O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joys ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

The humble inquiry.

A French ſonnet imitated, 1695.

Grand Dieu tes jugemens, &c.

I.

Grace rules below, and ſits enthron'd above;
How few the ſparks of wrath, how ſlow they move,
And drop and die in boundleſs ſeas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch! ſhould pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itſelf would blaze,
And flaſh and burn me thro' the boundleſs ſeas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to ſuch a vaſtneſs grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy pow'r to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thine honour bids "avenge thy injur'd name."
Thy ſlighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moiſt tears might but incenſe thy flame.

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder rore,
And vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy juſtice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can thoſe bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel pierce this ſacred ſhroud,
Ting'd in the vital ſtream of my Redeemer's blood.

The penitent pardoned.

HENCE from my ſoul my ſins depart,
Your fatal friendſhip now I ſee;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence to eternal diſtance flee.

2. Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I careſs'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heartſtrings lapp'd you round,
You the vile murd'rers of my God.

3. Black heavy thoughts like mountains roll
O'er my poor breaſt with boding fears,
And cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul
Wring thro' my eyes the briny tears.

4. Forgive my treaſons Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too;
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

5. Great Advocate! look down and ſee
A wretch whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed;
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For Lord I knew not what I did.

6. Peace, my complaints! let ev'ry groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And thro' his inmoſt bowels move.

7. Lo! from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently as morning dews diſtil,
The Dove immortal downward flies
With peaceful olive in his bill.

8. How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds!
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

A hymn of praise for three great salvations,

viz.

1. From the Spanish invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gunpowder plot, Nov. 5. 1605.
3. From Popery and slavery by King William of glorious memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.

Composed *Nov.* 5. 1695.

INFINITE God! thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

2. From pole to pole thy name is known;
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

3. Part of thy church by thy command
Stands rais'd upon the British isles,
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

4. In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd,
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

5. "Come," said the sons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from hell;"
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

6. Old Satan lent them fiery ſtores,
Infernal coal and ſulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.
7. Beneath the ſenate and the throne
Engines of helliſh thunder lay,
There the dark ſeeds of fire were ſown
To ſpring a bright but diſmal day.
8. Thy love beheld the black deſign,
Thy love, that guards our iſland round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And cruſh'd the tempeſt under ground.

PART SECOND.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler ſtrain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his ſword.
2. Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While Tyranny poſſeſs'd the throne,
And murd'rers of an Iriſh ſoul
Ran threat'ning death thro' ev'ry town.
3. The Roman prieſt and Britiſh prince
Join'd their beſt force and blackeſt charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France
Offer'd the ſervice of their arms.
4. "'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of Darkneſs rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiſs'd, and Hell grew proud,
While Sion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

5. But lo! the great Deliv'rer ſails
Commiſſion'd from Jehovah's hand,
And ſmiling ſeas and wiſhing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

6. The happy day and happy year *
Both in our new ſalvation meet,
The day that quench'd the burning ſnare,
The year † that burnt th' invading fleet.

7. Now did thine arm, O God of hoſts,
Now did thine arm ſhine dazzling bright;
The ſons of Might their hands had loſt,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

8. Brigades of angels lin'd the way
And guarded William to his throne;
There ye celeſtial warriours ſtay
And make his palace like your own.

9. Then, mighty God! the earth ſhall know
And learn the worſhip of the ſky;
Angels and Britons join below
To raiſe their hallelujahs high.

10. All hallelujah, heav'nly King;
While diſtant lands thy vict'ry ſing,
And tongues their utmoſt pow'rs employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

* Nov. 5. 1688. † Nov. 5. 1588.

The Incomprehenſible.

I.

FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face:
When he deſcends within my view
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chaſe.

II.

Or if I reach unuſual height
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought:
Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll
Where Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy, ſhines;
Infinite rays in croſſing lines
Beat thick confuſion on my ſight and overwhelm my ſoul.

III.

Come to my aid ye Fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What ſingle ſtrength in vain deſigns
United force hath done:
Thus worms may join and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſea)
But the whole race of creature ſouls,
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge, and are loſt in thee.

IV.

Great God! behold my reason lies
Adoring, yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own:
Faith shall direct her humble flight
Thro' all the trackless seas of light
To thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite unknown.

Death and eternity.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where Nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign Death.

2. The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
... and around!

6. Thus muſt we leave the banks of life
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans and dying ſtrife
To gain a moment's ſtay.

7. There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly bliſs
Or ſink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcaſs thoughtleſs lies
Amongſt the ſilent graves.

8. Some hearty friend ſhall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

9. Thus ſhall our mould'ring members teach
What now our ſenſes learn;
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

A ſight of heaven in ſickneſs.

Oft' have I ſat in ſecret ſighs
To feel my fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes
To view the tott'ring clay.

2. But I forbid my ſorrows now,
Nor dares the fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

3. My cheerful ſoul now all the day
Sits waiting here and ſings,
Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
And practiſes her wings.

4. Faith almoſt changes into ſight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created ſkies.

5. Had but the priſon walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

6. But now the everlaſting hills
Thro' ev'ry chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a pris'ner here.

7. The ſhines of heav'n ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws;
Viſions of endleſs bliſs are ſeen,
And native air ſhe draws.

8. O may theſe walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe!

9. Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to ſee th' enlarged way
I ſtretch my pinions thro'.

The univerſal hallelujah.

Pſalm cxlviii. paraphraſed.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue
Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
Jeſus the man ſhall lead the ſong,
The God inſpire the tune.
2. Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing, for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
3. Shine to his praiſe ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or vail your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.
4. Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of Night
To own your borrow'd rays.
5. Bluſh and refund the honours paid
To your inferiour names;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.
6. Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud
He makes his wheels of you.

7. Thunder and hail, and fires and ſtorms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand.

8. Shout to the Lord ye ſurging ſeas
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore;

9. While monſters ſporting on the flood
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

10. But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young Zephirs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſp'ring thro' the trees.

11. Wave your tall heads ye lofty pines
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

4. Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky,
While grov'ling beaſts attempt his praiſe
In hoarſer harmony.

13. Thus while the meaner creatures ſing
Ye mortals take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

14. Th' Eternal Name muſt fly abroad
From Britain to Japan,
And the whole race ſhall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

The Atheiſt's miſtake.

Labor, ye profane, and ſwell, and burſt,
With bold impiety,
Yet ſhall ye live for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

2. The gaſp of your expiring breath
Conſigns your ſouls to chains,
By the laſt agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

3. Ye ſtand upon a dreadful ſteep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will ſink you deep
Where the old Serpent fell.

4. When iron ſlumbers bind your fleſh,
With ſtrange ſurpriſe you 'll find
Immortal vigour ſpring afreſh
And tortures wake the mind!

5. Then you 'll confeſs the frightful names
Of plagues you ſcorn'd before
No more ſhall look like idle dreams,
Like fooliſh tales no more.

6. Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal day
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your ſouls away
For vanity and ſongs.

7. Behold the ſaints rejoice to die,
For heav'n ſhines round their heads,
And angel guards prepar'd to fly
Attend their fainting beds.

8. Their longing ſpirits part and riſe
To their celeſtial ſeat;
Above theſe ruinable ſkies
They make their laſt retreat.

9. Hence ye Profane! I hate your ways,
I walk with pious ſouls;
There 's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And diſtant are our goals.

The law given at Sinai.

I.

Arm thee with thunder, heav'nly Muſe,
And keep th' expecting world in awe,
Oft' haſt thou ſung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God,
Now give thy fierceſt fires a looſe,
And ſound his dreadful law:
To Iſrael firſt the words were ſpoke,
To Iſrael freed from Egypt's yoke,

Inhuman bondage! the hard galling load
Overpreſs'd their feeble ſouls,
Bent their knees to ſenſeleſs bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they paſs'd th' Arabian Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving ſea,
The riſing waves ſtood guardians of their wondrous way,
But fell with moſt impetuous force
On the purſuing ſwarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horſe:
O'er ſtruggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And ſav'd the labours of a pyramid:
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beſide,
He ſwallows fate with ſwimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

III.

Ah, fooliſh Iſrael! to comply
With Memphian idolatry,
And bow to brutes, (a ſtupid ſlave)
To idols impotent to ſave!
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the ſky,
Has wrought ſalvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron ſleep,
And rais'd thine honours high!
His grace forgives thy follies paſt;

Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law;
Prepare to meet thy God in haste,
But keep an awful distance still;
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear;
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same,
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the subjects of Nature stand

Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the ſuperiour ſphere,
A thouſand guards before and myriads in the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beſet with burning gems,
The winds in harneſs with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he paſt
Of hail and ice, and fleecy ſnow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as faſt
Did hail and ice in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on ſolid darkneſs trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And ſcatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and ſulphur ran a fiery ſtream;
He ſpoke, and (tho' with unknown ſpeed he came)
Chid the ſlow tempeſt and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight;
With axle'red and glowing wheel
Did the wing'd chariot light,
And riſing ſmoke obſcur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
Lo, the gloomy pride outbraves

" Thy God and King; 't was I that broke
" Thy bondage and th' Egyptian yoke;
" Mine is the right to ſpeak my will,
" And thine the duty to fulfil.
" Adore no god beſide me to provoke mine eyes,
" Nor worſhip me in ſhapes and forms that men de-
viſe; [to jeſt;
" With rev'rence uſe my name; nor turn my words
" Obſerve my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my reſt;
" Honour and due obedience to thy parents give;
" Nor ſpill the guiltleſs blood, nor let the guilty live;
" Preſerve thy body chaſte, and fly th' unlawful bed;
" Nor ſteal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his
bread;
" Forbear to blaſt his name with falſehood or deceit;
" Nor let thy wiſhes looſe upon his large eſtate."

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccleſ. xii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator God
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

2. The mem'ry of his mighty name
Demands your firſt regard,
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

3. Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure
Before the mournful days
When youth and mirth are known no more
And life and ſtrength decays.

4. No more the bleſſings of a feaſt
Shall reliſh on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

5. Old Age with all her diſmal train
Invades your golden years,
With ſighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never ſpares.

6. What will you do when light departs
And leaves your with'ring eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts
From the ſuperiour ſkies?

7. How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While Nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring weight?

8. Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a ſtrong defence,
When death with terrible alarms
Summons the pris'ner hence?

9. The ſilver bands of Nature burſt
And let the building fall,
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
Its vile original.

10. Laden with guilt, (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The ſoul returns t' an angry God
To be ſhut out from heav'n.

Sun, moon, and ſtars, praiſe ye the Lord.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unweary'd ſwiftneſs move
To form the circles of our years;
2. Praiſe the Creator of the ſkies
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays,
Or may the ſun forget to riſe
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.
3. Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of Silence, ſilver Moon,
Whoſe gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;
4. Ariſe, and to that ſov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the duſky hour
And half ſupply the abſent day.
5. Ye twinkling ſtars who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes
When buſ'neſs, cares, and day, are gone;

6. Proclaim the glories of your Lord
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where with inimitable light
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

8. Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On ev'ry angel ev'ry ſaint,
Nor vails the luſtre of his face.

9. O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the ſun that makes our days:
With all thy ſhining works above
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

The welcome meſſenger.

LORD! when we ſee a ſaint of thine
Lie gaſping out his breath
With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

2. How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We aſk thine envoy to convey
Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

3. Our ſouls are riſing on the wing
To venture in his place,
For when grim Death has loſt his ſting
He has an angel's face.

4. Jeſus! then purge my crimes away;
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

5. Oh! if my threat'ning ſins were gone,
And death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on
And chide his lazy wing.

6. Away theſe interpoſing days,
And let the lovers meet;

2. Nature in ev'ry dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

3. In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And free from pride their beauties ſpread
To ſhew thy ſkilful hand.

4. The lark mounts up the ſky
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs tongue.

5. My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the worſhip due:

6. But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride! that creeps ſecurely in
And ſwells a haughty worm.

7. Thy glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with deſign;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

8. The very ſongs I frame
Are faithleſs to thy cauſe,
And ſteal the honours of thy name
To build their own applauſe.

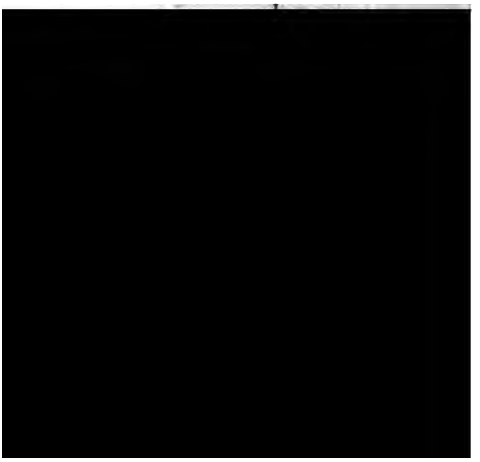
9. Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip 's vain:
This wretched heart will ne'er be true
Until 't is form'd again.

10. Deſcend celeſtial fire,
And ſeize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure deſire,
A ſacrifice to love.

11. Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my ſoul aſcend
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

True learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.



What empty triflings and what ſubtile ways
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us that we knew them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly Word, O touch theſe curious ſouls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the ſchools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my pow'rs releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this almighty Word that all things made;
He graſps whole nature in his ſingle hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things and their head,
The circle where they move and centre where they ſtand.

VI.

Without his aid I have no ſure defence
From troops of errours that beſiege me round:
But he that reſts his reaſon and his ſenſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unſhaken ground.

VII.

Infinite Truth, the life of my deſires,
Come from the ſky and join thyſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires,
But never tir'd of telling thee
'Tis thy fair face alone my ſpirit burns to ſee.

VIII.

Speak to my ſoul alone; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with deluſive art:
All Nature ſilent in his preſence ſtand,
Creatures be dumb at his command,
And leave his ſingle voice to whiſper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my ſoul, within thyſelf retire,
Away from ſenſe and ev'ry outward ſhow;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aſpire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

X.

The Lord grows laviſh of his heav'nly light,

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And ſeek in vain a paſſage to his breaſt,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his ſoul aſide from her eternal reſt.

III.

Our headſtrong luſts, like a young fiery horſe,
Start and fly raging in a violent courſe;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his reaſon bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himſelf he rules his wildeſt thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he deſign'd,
Whilſt he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think nor can he find
A plague like reigning paſſions and a ſubject mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height;
To vanquiſh ſelf is a laborious art;
What manly courage to ſuſtain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part [heart!
With thoſe dear charming tempters rooted in the

VI.

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the paſſions move,
Hard to awake the eye that paſſion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy love

That clings ſo cloſe about our minds,
And where th' enchanted ſoul ſo ſweet a poiſon fin

VII.

Hard, but it may be done. Come, heav'nly fire,
Come to my breaſt, and with one pow'rful ray
Melt off my luſts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home, and I muſt uſe my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aſpires:
I have a ſoul was made to pity kings
And all their little glitt'ring things;
I have a ſoul was made for infinite deſires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth my heart is upward flown;
Farewell my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now ſhould you fix my feet on Cæſar's throne,
Crown me and call the world my own, [confi
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my f

X.

I am the Lord's, and Jeſus is my love;
He, the dear God, ſhall fill my vaſt deſire.
My fleſh below, yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my ſoul ſhall centre all my pow'rs conſpi

XI.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
I ſit on high, nor mind inferiour joys:

Fill'd with his love I feel that God is mine;
His glory is my great deſign;
That everlaſting project all my thoughts employs.

A ſong to creating Wiſdom.

PART FIRST.

ETERNAL Wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings;
With thy loud name rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace, rings.

2. Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun,
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done?

3. Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold!

4. There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run,
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

PART SECOND.

5. Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under regions of the ſkies
Thy num'rous glories ſhow.

6. The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air
To make thy chariot way.

7. There like a trumpet loud and ſtrong
Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt,
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine hoſt.

8. On the thin air without a prop
Hang fruitful ſhow'rs around,
At thy command they ſink and drop
Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART THIRD.

9. Now to the earth I bend my ſong
And caſt my eyes abroad,
Glancing the Britiſh iſles along;
Bleſs'd iſles! confeſs your God.

10. How did his wondrous ſkill array
Your fields in charming green,
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay
A thouſand flow'rs between!

11. Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

12. The bleating flocks his paſture feeds,
And herds of larger ſize
That bellow thro' the Lindian meads
His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART FOURTH.

13. We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores,
He guides her ſilver flood,
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.

14. The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

15. Amidſt thy wat'ry kingdoms Lord
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters at thy word
Ruſh thro' the Northern ſea.

PART FIFTH.

16. Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight
Thro' ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terrour and delight.

17. Infinite ſtrength and equal ſkill
Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

18. But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus' face
We ſee, adore, and love.

God's abſolute dominion.

I.

LORD! when my thoughtful ſoul ſurveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars, and ſeas,
I call them all thy ſlaves.
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will
Poiſons ſhall cure or balms ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns or Zephir's breath
May burn or blaſt the plants to death
That ſharp December ſaves.
What can winds or planets boaſt
But a precarious pow'r?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire and fire be froſt
When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo the Norwegians near the polar ſky
Chafe their frozen limbs with ſnow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame, touch'd with a ſtrange ſupply,
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh,
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold ſteel expos'd to northern air
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th' unwary ſtranger there.

III.

Inquire, my ſoul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thouſand years, and ſee
Th' Aſſyrian prince transform'd a brute
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his court the God of Iſrael came,
A King more abſolute than he.
I ſee the furnace blaze with rage
Sev'nfold; I ſee amidſt the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name;
They move, they walk acroſs the burning ſtage,
Unhurt and fearleſs, while the tyrant ſtood
A ſtatue; fear congeal'd his blood;
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments or their hair;
It knew the Lord of Nature there.
Nature compell'd by a ſuperiour cauſe
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her ſov'reign King in diff'rent ways.
Father! how bright thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance, are thine.

IV.

Hence from my heart ye idols fly,
Ye ſounding names of vanity!
No more my lips ſhall ſacrifice
To Chance and Nature tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no ſupplies.

What is the ſun or what the ſhade,
Or froſts or flames, to kill or ſave?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead,
And as his awful dictates bid
Earth is my mother or my grave.

Condeſcending grace,

In imitation of the cxivth Pſalm.

When the Eternal bows the ſkies
To viſit earthly things,
With ſcorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings;

2. Rides on a cloud diſdainful by
A Sultan or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that riſe ſo high
Or frowns 'em from afar:

3. He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the ſkies
To viſit ev'ry humble ſoul
With pleaſure in his eyes.

4. Why ſhould the Lord that reigns above
Diſdain ſo lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why ſuch looks of love
Upon ſuch worthleſs things?

5. Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Diſpute his awful will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be ſtill.

6. Juſt like his nature is his grace,
All ſov'reign and all free;
Great God! how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

Some ſeraph lend your heav'nly tongue
Or harp of golden ſtring,
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
To our Eternal King.

2. Thy names how infinite they be!
Great Everlaſting One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

3. Thy glories ſhine of wondrous ſize,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

4. Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs
Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

5. The myſt'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky
And fly before the winds.

6. Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills
And ſtretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our ſpirit fills
And overloads our ſoul.

7. In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundleſs inconceivables
And vaſt eternity.

Confeſſion and pardon.

ALAS, my aking heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with ſmart
And frights my ſlumb'ring eyes.

2. Guilt will be hid no more;
My griefs take vent apace;
The crimes that blot my conſcience o'er
Flush crimſon in my face.

3. My ſorrows, like a flood
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom O my God
Pour out a long complaint.

4. This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could ruſh with violence on to ſin
In preſence of thy ſword.

5. How often have I ſtood,
A rebel to the ſkies,
The calls the tenders of a God,
And Mercy's loudeſt cries!

6. He offers all his grace
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers! but 't is to ſenſeleſs braſs
That cannot feel nor ſee.

7. Jeſus the Saviour ſtands
To court me from above,
And looks and ſpreads his wounded hands
And ſhows the prints of love.

8. But I a ſtupid fool,
How long have I withſtood
The bleſſings purchas'd with his ſoul
And paid for all in blood?

9. The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown
And bright immortal things.

10. Lord! I 'm aſham'd to ſay
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And ſent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own realms of Love.

11. Not all thine heav'nly charms,
Nor terrours of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms
And bow to thy command.

12. Lord! 't is againſt thy face
My ſins like arrows riſe,
And yet, and yet, (O matchleſs grace!)
Thy thunder ſilent lies. 48

13. O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of ſuch hellharden'd ſteel
That mercy cannot move? 52

14. Now for one pow'rful glance
Dear Saviour from thy face!
This rebel-heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy grace. 56

15. O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy croſs I lie,
And throw my fleſh, my ſoul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die. 60

16. "Riſe," ſays the Prince of mercy, riſe,
With joy and pity in his eyes;
"Riſe, and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to waſh thy ſtains. 64

17. "See, my great Father reconcil'd:"
He ſaid; and lo! the Father ſmil'd:
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And ſounded grace on all their ſtrings. 68

Young men and maidens, old men and babes, praiſe ye the Lord, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

I.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns, [ſtrung,
And wields your active limbs with hardy ſinews
Fall proſtrate at th' Eternal throne,
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend,
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chuſe your Maker for your friend:
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days or cut your minutes [ſhort.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes
And ſhoot delicious danger thence,
Swift the lovely lightning flies
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe:
Boaſt not of thoſe with'ring charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms,
But love the Author of your ſmiling face; [hours:
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is your's.

Break your firſt ſilence in his pra
Who wrought your wondrous fr
With ſounds of tend'reſt accent r
Young honours to his name,
And conſecrate your early days
To know the Pow'r Supreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Juſt marching off the mortal ſtage,
Fathers whoſe vital threads are ſpu
As long as e'er the glaſs of Life wo
Adore the hand that led your way
Thro' ſlow'ry fields a fair long ſum
Gaſp out your ſoul in praiſes to the
That ſet your weſt ſo diſtant from yo

Flying fowl and creeping things, pra

Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wondrous ſtructures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
To Nature's God your firſt devotions pay
Ere you ſalute the riſing day;
'Tis he calls up the ſun and gives him ev'ry ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make,
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire;
Inharmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly gold;
That rich embroid'ry of your gay attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

III.

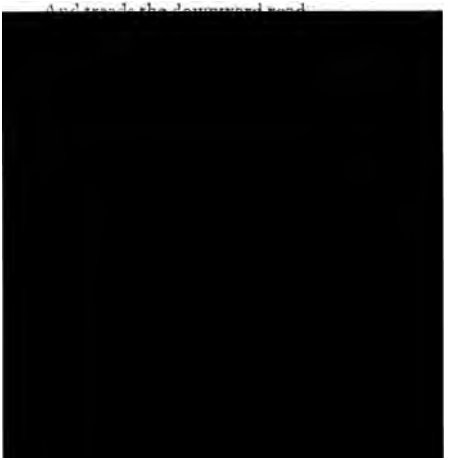
Inſects and mites of mean degree
That ſwarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye,
In your innumerable forms
Praiſe him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counſels down
To deſpicable worms.

The comparison and complaint.

INFINITE Pow'r, Eternal Lord,
How sov'reign is thy hand!
All Nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2. With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3. But ah! how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize
And treads the downward road



7. Great God! create my ſoul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow
And take the mould divine.

8. Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring,
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry ſpring.

9. Then ſhall my feet no more depart
Nor wand'ring ſenſes rove,
Devotion ſhall be all my heart,
And all my paſſions love.

10. Then not the ſun ſhall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel ſwifter thro' the ſky
Nor with a zeal ſo warm.

God ſupreme and ſelf-ſufficient.

WHAT is our God or what his name,
Nor men can learn nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2. The ſpacious worlds of heav'nly light
Compar'd with him how ſhort they fall?
They are too dark and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3. He ſpoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation roſe at his command!
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4. There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There Nature leans and feels her prop,
But his own ſelf-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5. The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his ſea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my ſong! an endleſs round;

3. " Speak, are you ſtrong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place?"

4. In vain we aſk, for all around
Stands ſilence thro' the heav'nly ground;
There 's not a glorious mind above
Has half the ſtrength or half the love.

5. But O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

6. Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then roſe; the law could aſk no more.

7. Amazing work! look down ye ſkies!
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones! ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious love.

8. See how they bend! ſee how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And ſtudy'd dark decrees in vain;
The croſs and Calv'ry makes them plain.

9. Now they are ſtruck with deep amaze;
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their ſounding plumes and cry,
" The wiſdom of a Deity!"

10. Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk how high he reigns.
11. Triumph and reign victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd,
And ſay, dear Conq'ror! ſay, how long
Ere we ſhall riſe to join their ſong.
12. Lo! from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-diſtinguiſh'd ray!
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.
13. Send down a chariot from above
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love;
Raiſe me beyond th' ethereal blue

3. Beyond thoſe cryſtal vaults
And all their ſparkling balls,
They 're but the porches to thy courts
And paintings on thy walls.

4. Vain world! farewell to you,
Heav'n is my native air;
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.

5. I feel my pow'rs releas'd
From their old fleſhy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haſte,
And ſet me near my God.

Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning.

He dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound
On my poor heartſtrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground!

2. Come ſaints! and drop a tear or two
On the dear boſom of your God;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

3. Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo, what ſudden joys I ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again.

4. The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies,
Cherubick legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

5. Break off your tears ye ſaints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter Death in chains.

6. Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
"Born to redeem and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter "Where's his ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry boaſting Grave?"

The God of thunder.

O The immenſe, th' amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeur, of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And ſways the nations with his nod!

2. He ſpeaks, and lo, all Nature ſhakes,
Heav'n's everlaſting pillars bow,
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery arrows thro'!

3. Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare;
Atheiſts and emp'rours ſhrink and die
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

4. Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thund'rer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud hoſannas thro'.

5. Celeſtial King! thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6. Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye Lightnings! fly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms! prepare his way.

The day of judgment, an ode, attempted in Engliſh Sapphick.

When the fierce North wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltick to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with a ſtorm of hail comes
Ruſhing amain down,

2. How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

3. Such ſhall the noiſe be and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terrour, when the great archangel
Shakes the creation,

2. Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heav'n,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes,
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em! 16

5. Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horrour and amazing anguish
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them. 20

6. Thoughts like old vultures prey upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him. 24

7. Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the oil wide-yawning

The ſong of angels above.

EARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long,
And I 'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There 's nothing here for you.

2. Tir'd in my thoughts I ſtretch me down
And upward glance mine eyes,
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

3. There the dear Man my Saviour ſits,
The God how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4. Seraphs with elevated ſtrains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

5. Jeſus the Lord their harps employs,
Jeſus, my love they ſing;
Jeſus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

6. Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,
And ſpeak in moſt majeſtick ſounds
The Godhead of the Son!

7. How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heav'ns began to roll.

8. And now they ſink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

9. O ſacred beauties of the man!
(The God reſides within)
His fleſh all pure without a ſtain,
His ſoul without a ſin.

10. Then how he look'd and how he ſmil'd,
What wondrous things he ſaid!
Sweet Cherubs ſtay, dwell here a while

14. In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurpriſe,
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

15. Seraph and ſaint with drooping wings
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees nor bubbling ſprings
While Jeſus ſleeps in death.

16. Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb and burſt his chains,
And ſhew their riſing Lord.

17. Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the ſkies
With loud hoſannas on their tongues
And triumph in their eyes.

18. In awful ſtate the conq'ring God
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

19. Now let me riſe and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

20. I would begin the muſick here
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heav'nly notes to bear
My ſpirit to the ſkies!

21. There ye that love my Saviour ſit,
There I would fain have place
Amongſt your thrones or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face. 84

22. I am confin'd to earth no more
But mount in haſte above
To bleſs the God that I adore
And ſing the Man I love. 88

Fire, air, earth, and ſea, praiſe ye the Lord.

I.

EARTH, thou great footſtool of our God
Who reigns on high, thou fruitful ſource
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our houſe, our parent, and our nurſe,
Mighty ſtage of mortal ſcenes, 5
Dreſs'd with ſtrong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets ſpread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious maſs,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty ſpace! 10
While thy unwieldy weight reſts on the feeble air
Bleſs that almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee [there.

II.

Fire, thou ſwift herald of his face,
Whoſe glorious rage at his command
Levels a palace with the ſand, 15
Blending the lofty ſpires in ruin with the baſe:

Ye heav'nly Flames that ſinge the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his ſounding quivers bear
To ſcatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the ſov'reign arm that flings
His vengeance and your fires upon the heads of kings.

III.

Thou vital element the Air,
Whoſe boundleſs magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And ſave the bubble Man from the cold arms of Death:
And ye whoſe vital moiſture yields
Life's purple ſtream a freſh ſupply,
Sweet Waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the ſky,
Confeſs the Pow'r whoſe allſufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build nor to ſupport our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air with noiſy force
Beats up and ſwells the angry ſea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And ſweep the ſailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the ſhores!
Lo, the wild ſeas and ſurging waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand graves:
Be ſtill ye Floods, and know your bounds of ſand;
Ye Storms, adore your Maſter's hand;
The winds are in his fiſt, the waves at his command.

V.

From the eternal emptineſs
His fruitful word by ſecret ſprings
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble univerſe:
Old Nothing knew his pow'rful hand;
Scarce had he ſpoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and ſea, heard the creatin
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteo
And ſtill they dance and ſtill obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-da

The farewell.

Dead be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs that charms us ſo
Be dark my eyes and deaf my ears.

2. Here I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruit that ſinners prize;
Their Paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine but to deſpiſe.

3. All earthly joys are over weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care,
And where 's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

4. Be gone for ever mortal things!
Thou mighty molehill, earth, farewell!
Angels aſpire on lofty wings
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

5. Come Heav'n and fill my vaſt deſires;
My ſoul purſues the ſov'reign good;
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

God only known to himſelf.

STAND and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our ſight,
Plung'd in th' abyſs of dazzling light.

2. Thou ſacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlaſting Myſtery,
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name!

3. Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,
Begin and ſpeak the Great Unknown;
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings
To notes untry'd and boundleſs things.

4. You whoſe capacious pow'rs ſurvey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is ſeen, or known, or thought, by you?

5. How flat your higheſt praiſes fall
Below th' immenſe original!
Weak creatures we that ſtrive in vain
To reach an uncreated ſtrain!

6. Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe;
A ſong ſo vaſt a theme ſo high
Calls for the voice that run'd the ſky.

Pardon and ſanctification.

My crimes awake, and hideous fear
Diſtracts my reſtleſs mind,
Guilt meet my eyes with horrid glare
And hell purſues behind.

2. Almighty Vengeance frowns on high
And flames array the throne,
While thunder murmurs round the ſky
Impatient to be gone.

3. Where ſhall I hide this noxious head?
Can rocks or mountains ſave?
Or ſhall I wrap me in the ſhade
Of midnight and the grave?

4. Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jeſus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

5. Thoſe guardian drops my ſoul ſecure
And waſh away my ſin,
Eternal juſtice frowns no more
And conſcience ſmiles within.

6. I bleſs that wondrous purple ſtream
That whitens ev'ry ſtain,
Yet is my ſoul but half redeem'd
If Sin the tyrant reign.

7. Lord! blaſt his empire with thy breath;
That curſed throne muſt fall:
Ye flatt'ring plagues that work my death
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and grace.

The Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature with all her moving frame
Reſts on his mighty hand.

2. Immortal glory forms his throne
And light his awful robe,
Whilſt with a ſmile or with a frown
He manages the globe.

3. A word of his almighty breath
Can ſwell or ſink the ſeas,
Build the vaſt empires of the earth,
Or break them as he pleaſe.

4. Adoring angels round him fall
In all their ſhining forms,
His ſov'reign eye looks thro' them all
And pities mortal worms.

5. His bowels to our worthleſs race
In ſweet compaſſion move,
He clothes his looks with ſofteſt grace
And takes his title Love.

6. Now let the Lord for ever reign
And ſway us as he will,
Sick or in health, in eaſe or pain,
We are his fav'rites ſtill.

7. No more ſhall peeviſh paſſion riſe,
The tongue no more complain,
'Tis ſov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love reſumes again.

The Law and goſpel.

"CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
"That doth one wilful ſin commit;
"Death and damnation for the firſt,
"Without relief and infinite."

2. Thus Sinai roars, and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings;
But Jeſus! thy dear gaſping breath
And Calvary ſay gentler things.

3. "Pardon, and grace, and boundleſs love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God."

4. Hark how he prays, (the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips) Forgive!
And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father let the rebels live."

5. Go, you that reſt upon the law,
And toil and ſeek ſalvation there;
Look to the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

6. But I'll retire beneath the croſs;
Saviour! at thy dear feet I lie,
And the keen ſword that Juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

Seeking a divine calm in a reſtleſs world.

[O mens, quæ ſtabili fata regis vice, &c. *Caſimire, B.* iii. *Od.* 28.]

I.

Eternal Mind! who rul'ſt the fates
Of dying realms and riſing ſtates
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vaſt affairs
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a ſmile to thee?

II.

Thou ſcatter'ſt honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to ſeize and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore;
So emmets ſtruggle for a grain,
So boys their petty wars maintain
For ſhells upon the ſhore.

III.

Here a vain man his ſceptre breaks,
The next a broken ſceptre takes,
And warriours win and loſe.
This rolling world will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from hand to hand,
As pow'r decays or grows.

IV.

Earth 's but an atom : greedy ſwords
Carve it amongſt a thouſand lords,
And yet they cann't agree :
Let greedy ſwords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor ; but, Lord, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

Happy frailty.

" How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth deſign'd
" T" encloſe a heav'nly ſtar!
2. " Weak cottage where our ſouls reſide!
" This fleſh, a tott'ring wall;
" With frightful branches gaping wide
" The building bends to fall.
3. " All round it ſtorms of trouble blow
" And waves of ſorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter ſtorms beat thro'
" And pain the tenant ſoul.

4. "Alas! how frail our ſtate!" ſaid I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till ſudden from the cleaving ſky
A gleam of glory ſhone.

5. My ſoul all felt the glory come
And breath'd her native air,
Then ſhe remember'd heav'n her home
And ſhe a pris'ner here.

6. Straight ſhe began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains
She ſung the frailty of her clay
In pleaſurable ſtrains.

7. "How weak the priſon 's where I dwell!
"Fleſh but a tott'ring wall;
"The breaches cheerfully foretel
"The houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

8. "No more, my friends, ſhall I complain
"Tho' all my heart-ſtrings ake;
"Welcome diſeaſe and ev'ry pain
"That makes the cottage ſhake.

9. "Now let the tempeſt blow all round,
"Now ſwell the ſurges high,
"And beat this houſe of bondage down
"To let the ſtranger fly.

10. "I have a manſion built above
"By the Eternal Hand,
"And ſhould the earth's old baſis move
"My heav'nly houſe muſt ſtand.

11. "Yes, for 't is there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to see the God)
" And his immortal strength sustains
" The courts that cost him blood."
12. Hark, from on high my Saviour calls;
" I come, my Lord, my Love;"
Devotion breaks the prison-walls
And speeds my last remove.

Launching into eternity.

It was a brave attempt! advent'rous he
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea,
And leaving his dear native shores behind
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine, the tempest raves;
He on a pine plank rides across the waves
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves,
He steers the winged boat and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood and manages the gales.
Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm; she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore;
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.

As the ſhores leſſen ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler and the tempeſt dies:
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſeas for ever calm the ſkies for ever bright.

A proſpect of the reſurrection.

How long ſhall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

2. When ſhall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3. Let Faith ariſe and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

4. Lo, I behold the ſcatt'ring ſhades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

5. I ſee the Lord of glory come
And flaming guards around;
The ſkies divide to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

6. I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise,"
And lo! the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

7. They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

8. O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

9. How will our joy and wonder rise
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum nostrum et Servatorem Jesum Christum. Ode.

Te, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, Citharæ, calami sonabunt.

2. Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Avereni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

3. Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jeſus;
4. Donec ſuperno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros nepotes:
5. Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et enſem, telaque ſanguine
Tingenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monſtra.
6. Commota ſacras viſcera protinus
Senſêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immenſique amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.
7. "Non tota prorſus gens hominum dabit
"Hoſti triumphos: quid patris et labor
"Dulciſque imago? num peribunt
"Funditus? O prius aſtra cæcis.
8. "Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos;
"Aut ipſe diſperdam Satanæ dolos,
"Aut ipſe diſperdar, et iſti
"Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.
9. "Teſtor paternum numen, et hoc caput
"Æquale teſtor," dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Deſiliitque ruens Olympo.

10. Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.
11. Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
Tonantis iræ! O lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.
12. Non pœna lenis quò ruis impotens!
Quò Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?
13. Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.
14. Sensêre numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirûm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.
15. Latè refugit, "Nil agis impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus igne.
16. Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

17. Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.
18. Hèic strata passim vincula, et hèic jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.
19. En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.
20. Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi!
21. Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-ipsius increpatio. Epigramma.

Corpore cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor, mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.

Suſpice ut Æthereum ſignant tibi nutibus aſtra
Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux, et tibi ſubjicit alas
Stellatas ſeraphîn officioſa cohors.
Te ſuperûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Jeſus,
" Huc ades et noſtro tempora conde ſinû."
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arc
Inde, nec alliciunt angelus, aſtra, Deus.

Excitatio cordis cælum verſus, 1694.

Heu quod ſæcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattſi? quid refugis limen et exitum?
Nec mens Æthereum culmen, et atria
Magni patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille moleſtias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas inſidias ſtruit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de ſolo
Surgunt: Chriſtus abeſt, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Chriſtus abeſt, inter et angelos
Et picta aſtra perambulans.
* Cœli ſumma petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina: te Deus
Hortatur; vacuum tende per æra
Pennas nunc homini datas.

* *Vide* Horat. lib. I. od. 3.

Breathing toward the heavenly country.

Caſimire, Book I. Ode 19. imitated.

Urit me patriae decor, &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inſpires;
I burn, I burn with ſtrong deſires,
And ſigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her ſhining way,
And ſhoots my heart thro' with a ſilver ray:
Upward my heart aſpires;
A thouſand lamps of golden light
Hung high in vaulted azure charm my ſight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright ſentinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds reſort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Muſt ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
For ever ſee the mourner lie
An exile of the ſky,
A priſoner of the ground?
Deſcend ſome ſhining ſervants from on high,
Build me a haſty tomb;
A graſſy turf will raiſe my head,
The neighb'ring lilies dreſs my bed,
And ſhed a cheap perfume.

Here I put off the chains of death
My soul too long has worn;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath
Or tear to wet my urn:
Raphael, behold me all undreſt,
Here gently lay this fleſh to reſt,
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of m
own.

Caſimiri Epigramma ICO.

In ſanctum Ardalionem, qui ex mimo Chriſtianus factus, ma
tyrium, paſſus eſt.

Ardalio ſacros deridet carmine ritus,
Feſtaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit,
Audiit Omnipotence; "Non eſt opus," inquit, hiulc
"Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum."
Deſerit illa polos, et deſerit iſte theatrum,
Et tereti ſacrum volvit in enſe caput.
"Sic, ſic," inquit, "abit noſtræ comœdia vitæ;
"Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri."

Engliſhed.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a ſtageplayer became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered martyrdom.

I.

Ardalio jeers, and in his comick ſtrains
The myſt'ries of our bleeding God profanes.
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes.

II.

Heav'n heard, and ſtraight around the ſmoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the ſkies and he the ſtage forſakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows this gentle farewell ſpeaks;

V.

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth adieu! Heav'n will applaud to-day:
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the Proteſtant church at Montpelier was demoliſhed by the French king's order, the Proteſtants laid the ſtones up in their burying-place, whereon a Jeſuit made a Latin epigram,

Engliſhed thus.

A Hug'not church once at Montpelier built
Stood and proclaim'd their madneſs and their guilt;
Too long it ſtood beneath Heav'n's angry frown,
Worthy when riſing to be thunder'd down.
Lewis at laſt, th' avenger of the ſkies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:

The ſtones diſpers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather and heap them on their fathers' tomb.
Thus the curs'd houſe falls on the builder's head,
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid
Yet the juſt vengeance ſtill purſues the guilty dead.

The anſwer, by a French Proteſtant,

Engliſhed thus.

A Chriſtian church once at Montpelier ſtood,
And nobly ſpoke the builder's zeal for God:
It ſtood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deſerv'd to be deſtroy'd ſo ſoon:
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the ſacred ſtones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
The ſtones ſhall move when the dead fathers riſe,
Start up before the pale deſtroyer's eyes,
And teſtify his madneſs to th' avenging ſkies.

Two happy rivals, Devotion and the Muſe.

I.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindarick ſong;
Here ſhe glows like burning noon

n fierceſt flames, and here ſhe plays
Gentle as ſtarbeams on the midnight ſeas;
Now in a ſmiling angel's form
Anon ſhe rides upon the ſtorm
Loud as the noiſy thunder, as a deluge ſtrong.
Are my thoughts and wiſhes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muſe: lo ſhe diſdains
The links and chains
Meaſures and rules of vulgar ſtrains, [reign.
And o'er the laws of Harmony a ſov'reign queen ſhe

II.

If ſhe roves
By ſtreams or groves,
Tuning her pleaſures or her pains,
My paſſion keeps her ſtill in ſight,
My paſſion holds an equal flight
Thro' Love's or Nature's wide champaigns.
If with bold attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal things,
Tott'ring thrones and nations ſlain,
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From ſhore to ſhore
My ſoul ſits faſt upon her wings, [plain:
And ſweeps the crimſon ſurge or ſcours the purple
Still I attend her as ſhe flies
Round the broad globe and all beneath the ſkies.

Then ſhe leaves my flutt'ring mind
Clogg'd with clay and unrefin'd
Lengths of diſtance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings but cannot riſe,
Cannot riſe----ſwift and high
As the wing'd numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is piety ſo weak
And yet the Muſe ſo ſtrong?
When ſhall theſe hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A ſpark of heav'nly day,
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,

Shine from the ſky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliſs.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the ſong and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And ſcarce the boldeſt Muſe can follow or obey.

V.

I 'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
She ſpreads her gay deluſive ſcenes;
Or is the viſion true?
Behold Religion on her throne
In awful ſtate deſcending down,
And her dominions vaſt and bright within my ſpacious view.
She ſmiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy pow'rs looſe from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths, and heights, and deeps, unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars, her own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere!
What heav'ns of joy and light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling ſun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving Muſe has been,
That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that ſenſe can ſhow,
To golden ſcenes and flow'ry fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the ſwift tranſports of the mind
Leave the ſlutt'ring Muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe Pindarick plumes fly ſcatt'ring down
Amongſt the clouds I loſe my breath, [the wind.
The rapture grows too ſtrong,
The feeble pow'rs that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treaſurer of Death:
I will no more demand my tongue
Till the groſs organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundleſs flights of an unfetter'd mind
And raiſe an equal ſong.

The following poems of this book are peculiarly dedicated to divine love.*

The hazard of loving the creatures.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring paſſions rove
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dang'rous to let looſe our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

* Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age when theſe poems were written to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's ſong than it is at this day, which will afford ſome *apology for* the writer in his youngeſt years.

2. Souls whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for God.

3. Nature has ſoft but pow'rful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controls,
While children with their little hands
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

4. Thoughtleſs they act th' old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord! how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

5. Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

6. Dear Sov'reign! break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
God in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in thee.

Deſiring to love Chriſt.

Come, let me love; or is thy mind
Harden'd to ſtone or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed fair One bend,
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the ſkies!

2. O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

3. I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4. Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze ye whirling ſkies,
Jeſus the God with naked arms
Hangs on a croſs of love and dies.

5. Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

6. Again he lives and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring ſmart;
"By theſe dear wounds," ſays he, and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

7. Sure I muſt love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears,
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

The heart given away.

If there are paſſions in my ſoul
(And paſſions ſure there be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jeſus! all for thee.

2. If love, that pleaſing pow'r, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come gentle Saviour to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

3. Let the gay world with treach'rous art
Allure my eyes in vain,
I have convey'd away my heart
Ne'er to return again.

4. I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

5. Now I can fix my thoughts above
Amidſt their flatt'ring charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

6. So Gabriel at his King's command
From yon' celeſtial hill
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

7. He glides along my mortal things
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task and ſpreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a grove.

SWEET Muſe! deſcend and bleſs the ſhade,
And bleſs the ev'ning grove;
Buſ'neſs, and noiſe, and day, are fled,
And ev'ry care but love.

2. But hence ye wanton, young, and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis ſhall infect the air
[redacted]

6. I'll carve our paſſion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtick mark
That Jeſus dy'd for me.

7. The ſwains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That Heav'n itſelf came down and bled
To win a mortal's love.

The faireſt and the only beloved.

I.

Honour to that diviner ray
That firſt allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And languiſhing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-ſtar.

II.

Whatever ſpeaks the Godhead great
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature ſweet
And worthy of my paſſion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thouſand graces ever riſe
And bloom upon his face,
A thouſand arrows from his eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear ſurpriſe
And guard around the place.

Nature heals the wounds ſhe made,
But charms ſo much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What Heav'n has join'd ſhall never part,
And Jeſus muſt be mine.

IV.

In vain th' envious ſhades of night
Or flatt'ries of the day
Would veil his image from my ſight
Or tempt my ſoul away;
Jeſus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets ev'ry dream
And knows not to depart:
The paſſion reigns
Thro' all my veins,
And floating round the crimſon ſtream
Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Amidſt thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant minutes paſs;
Grant, thou Everlaſting Fair,
Grant my ſoul a manſion there:
My ſoul aſpires to ſee thy face
Tho' life ſhould for the viſion pay;
So rivers run to meet the ſea,
And loſe their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
In thee the paſſions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and ſpread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love:
Who could ever bear to be
Curs'd with immortality
Among the ſtars but far from thee?

Mutual love ſtronger than death.

I.

Not the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand
With cheerful hand
I 'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And thro' that heav'n of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of Death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore and die.

The ſubſtance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were ſent me by an eſteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a deſire that I would form them into a Pindarick ode; but I retained his meaſures leſt I ſhould too much alter his ſenſe.

A ſight of Chriſt.

ANGELS of light! your God and King ſurround
With noble ſongs; in his exalted fleſh
He claims your worſhip, while his ſaints on earth
Bleſs their Redeemer God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet by faith may feel
His diſtant influence and confeſs his love.
Once I beheld his face when beams divine
Broke from his eyelids, and unuſual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and ſurpriſe:
My joyful heart high leaping in my breaſt
With tranſport cry'd, "This is the Chriſt of God!"
Then threw my arms around in ſweet embrace,
And claſp'd and bow'd, adoring low, till I was loſt in
While he appears no other charms can hold [him.
Or draw my ſoul, aſham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deſerve or name,
Tho' with contempt beſt in oblivion hid.
But the bright ſhine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I lov'd, but found him not;
I felt his abſence, and with ſtrongeſt cries

Proclaim'd, " Where Jesus is not all is vain."
Whether I hold him with a full delight
Or seek him panting with extreme desire
'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Thro' his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there———
This sight I ne'er can lose; by it I live:
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
me, his flesh my food,
strength.

I can diſcover; Chriſt the end of all,
And Chriſt the great beginning; he my head,
My God, my glory, and my all in all.
O that the day, the joyful day, were come
When the firſt Adam from his ancient duſt,
Crown'd with new honours, ſhall revive, and ſee
Jeſus his Son and Lord, while ſhouting ſaints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperiour beams,
And like himſelf; then the myſterious Word
Long hid behind the letter ſhall appear
All ſpirit and life, and in the fulleſt light
Stand forth to publick view, and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred works and wondrous ways;
Then wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite tranſactions paſt,
Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall with double blaze
Strike our aſtoniſh'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.
Death and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment caſt,
Shall vex the ſaints no more, but perfect love
And loudeſt praiſes perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliſsful ſtate.

Love on a croſs and a throne.

Now let my faith grow ſtrong and riſe,
And view my Lord in all his love,
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

2. See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his almighty Father's ſide.

3. If I behold his bleeding heart
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

4. Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conq'ror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells
Near the memorials of his wound.

5. How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhow
How much I love my dying God?
Lord! here I baniſh ev'ry foe;
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

6. I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart
But let thine image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a ſeal upon my heart.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's ſupper,

In imitation of Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heav'nly Man or lovely God
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2. The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

3. Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

4. Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine?
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine
This heav'nly fleſh, this ſacred food?

5. 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

6. Then let us taſte the Saviour's love,
Come faith, and feed upon the Lord;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

Converſe with Chriſt.

I.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms;
Their converſation cloys,
Their vain amours and empty ſtuff,
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy beſt company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his love
Thro' ev'ry vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:

Till I am drown'd in tears,
Yet with the ſympathetick ſmart
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm
it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell
And all the pow'rs beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong,
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting, and where's
"thy vict'ry death?"

VI.

But when he ſhows his hands and heart
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart
He ſets my ſoul on fire;
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe
deſire.

VII.

Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In ev'ry wo he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head
ſuſtains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts all human things,
And ſporting ſwains and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love;
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare,
The ringlets of Amira's hair:
Thine arms my God are ſweeter bands, nor can my
heart remove. 48

Grace ſhining, and nature fainting.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me ſhepherd all divine,

O my great Redeemer ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray?
Will Jeſus bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender ſound:
Nor can I bear the thought that he
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me,
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majeſty and gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His abſence is perpetual ſmart;
Nor is my ſoul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love
And feel his warmer ſmiles.
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping head?
I love, I love the ſun, and yet I want the ſhade.

V.

My ſinking ſpirits feebly ſtrive
T' endure the eccſtaſy;

Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward pow'rs sustain [again.
But such as feel a Saviour's love and love the God

VI.

Oh! why should Beauty heav'nly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break;
Oh! why is Love so strong and Nature's self so weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
hills, and shine

Then ſhall I gaze with ſtrengthen'd ſight
On glories infinitely bright;
My heart ſhall all be love, my Jeſus all delight.

Love to Chriſt preſent or abſent.

Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus! thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love, the beſt bleſſing here below
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

2. Sweet are my thoughts and ſoft my cares
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes and all my fears
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

3. While I am held in his embrace
There 's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face
Fixes and charms and fires my love.

4. He ſpeaks, and ſtraight immortal joys
Run thro' my ears and reach my heart;
My ſoul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots thro' ev'ry part.

5. If he withdraw a moment's ſpace
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind;
Here in this breaſt his image ſtays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

6. While of his abſence I complain,
And long and weep as lovers do,
There 's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

7. When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of my Love,
His very name creates delight.

8. Jeſus, my God! yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

The abſence of Chriſt.

4. But ah! how far above this grove
Does the bright Charmer dwell?
Abſence, thou keeneſt wound to love,
That ſharpeſt pain I feel.

5. Penſive I climb the ſacred hills
And near him vent my woes,
Yet his ſweet face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my paſſion grows.

6. I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bleſs the Echo in her cell
That beſt repeats his name.

7. My paſſion breathes perpetual ſighs
Till pitying winds ſhall hear
And gently bear them up the ſkies
And gently wound his ear.

Deſiring his deſcent to earth.

JESUS I love: come, deareſt name,
Come and poſſeſs this heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame
And infinitely leſs than thine.

2. O! if my Lord would leave the ſkies
Dreſs'd in the rays of mildeſt grace,
My ſoul ſhould haſten to my eyes
To meet the pleaſures of his face.

3. How would I feaſt on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worſhip and love in all their forms
Should honour Beauty ſo divine.

4. In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain, ſhould bid me move,
In vain, for I ſhould gaze ſo long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

5. Then (mighty God!) I'd ſing, and ſay
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Amongſt 'em give theſe worlds away,
"Theſe little deſpicable things."

6. I would not aſk to climb the ſky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the bleſs'd viſion of my God.

Aſcending to him in heaven.

'Tis pure delight without alloy,
Jeſus! to hear thy name,
My ſpirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the ſacred flame.

2. My paſſions hold a pleaſing reign
While Love inſpires my breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the train,
The ſov'reign of the reſt.

3. This is the grace muſt live and ſing
When faith and fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from ev'ry joyful ſtring
Thro' the ſweet groves of bliſs.

4. Let life immortal ſeize my clay,
Yet love refine my blood,
Her flames can bear my ſoul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5. Swift I aſcend the heav'nly place
And haſten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

6. Sink down ye ſeparating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And Death muſt yield to love.

The preſence of God worth dying for, or, *The death of Moſes*.

LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
To ſee thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

2. This Gabriel knows, and ſings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes the ſaint enjoys the ſame,
And Heav'n repeats the ſong.

3. While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

4. Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To ſee a ſmiling God!

5. Shew me thy face, and I 'll away
From all inferiour things;
Speak Lord, and here I quit my clay
And ſtretch my airy wings.

6. Sweet was the journey to the ſky
The wondrous Prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays God, "and die;"
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

7. Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

8. In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the nobleſt road to death
And his the ſweeteſt grave.

Longing for Chriſt's return.

O 'Twas a mournful parting day!
" Farewell, my ſpouſe!" he ſaid;
(How tedious Lord is thy delay!
How long my Love hath ſtaid!)

2. " Farewell!" at once he left the ground
And climb'd his Father's ſky;
Lord! I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

3. Round the creation wild I rove
And ſearch the globe in vain;
There 's nothing here that 's worth my love
Till thou return again.

4. My paſſions fly to ſeek their King
And ſend their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing
And mourn an abſent God.

5. With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
My ſoul diſſolves away;
Dear Sov'reign! whirl the ſeaſons round
And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in darkneſs, 1694.

I.

YET, gracious God!
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face;
What tho' a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhroud,
And bar the influence of his rays?
'Tis but a morning vapour or a ſummer cloud:
He is my Sun tho' he refuſe to ſhine;
Tho' for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light ariſe
I'll ſpring a thought away to God;

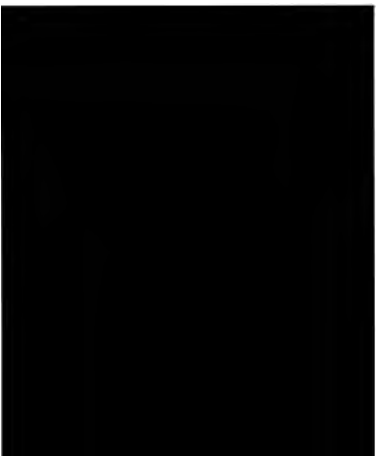
But thou my Sun and thou my Shield
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightneſs! ſhoot one glimm'ring ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone,
When wondrous pow'r and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin with all its ghaſtly train
Fled to the deeps of Death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on ev'ry face:
Our ſpirits raptur'd with the ſight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending God;
I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While my Emanuel was there,
And o'er my head
The Conq'ror ſpread
The banner of his love.

IV.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul! thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Thro' the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child or prove the ſon,
But love will ne'er deſtroy:
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort;
Faith be thy life and patience thy ſupport
The morning brings the joy.



4. Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come thou the ſoul of all our joys,
Thou the deſire of nations come.

5. Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Faireſt of ten thouſand fairs.

6. Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint
Stretches for immortality.

7. Our ſpirits ſhake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We riſe away from mortal things
T' attend thy ſhining chariot down.

8. Now let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

9. O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring ſound!
The angel herald ſhakes the ſkies,
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.

10. Ye ſlumb'ring ſaints a heav'nly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let ev'ry ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for Jeſus comes.

11. Jesus! the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay;
Quick as seraphick flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.
12. Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own inconstancy.

I Love the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.
2. If my soul burn to see my God
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me oft' before his face.
3. Would I enjoy my Lord alone
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love, and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.
4. But cares or trifles make or find
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

5. Oft' I am told the Muſe will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin ſome ſacred ſong,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

6. Strangely I loſe his lovely face
To hold the empty ſounds in chaſe;
At beſt the chimes divide my heart,
And the Muſe ſhares the larger part.

7. Falſe confidant! and falſer breaſt!
Fickle and fond of ev'ry gueſt;
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

8. This fooliſh heart can leave her God,
And ſhadows tempt her thoughts abroad;
How ſhall I fix this wand'ring mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

9. Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thine embrace;
Pity the ſoul that would be thine,
And let thy pow'r my love confine.

10. Say, when ſhall that bright moment be
That I ſhall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild Muſe prove falſe no more?

Forſaken yet hoping.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jeſus mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face,
And melt in pleaſures all divine.

2. Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
Till broken vows and earthly charms
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly gueſt.

3. And now he 's gone, (O mighty wo!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you ſins that griev'd him ſo,
Ye ſins that forc'd him to remove.

7. Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills
My ſoul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conq'ror turns his wheels
And climbs the manſions of the ſky.

8. There ſmiling joy for ever reigns;
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealouſies and pains,
And all the ills of abſent love.

The concluſion. God exalted above all praiſe.

ETERNAL Pow'r! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

2. The loweſt ſtep beneath thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.

3. Thy dazzling beauties whilſt he ſings
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhipping and ſpread the ground.

4. Lord! what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
"The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

5. Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to liſp thy name,
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

6. God is in heav'n and men below,
Be ſhort our tunes, our words be few;
A ſacred rev'rence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe fits ſilent on our tongues.

Tibi ſilet laus, O Deus. Pſal. lxv. 1.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Preface,	5
Recommendatory poems,	33-42
Worſhipping with fear,	43
Aſking leave to ſing,	44
Divine judgments,	45
Earth and heaven,	48
Felicity above,	49
God's dominion and decrees,	50
Self-conſecration,	52
The Creator and creatures,	53
The nativity of Chriſt,	55
God glorious and ſinners ſaved,	56
The humble inquiry. A French ſonnet imitated,	57
The penitent pardoned,	58
A hymn of praiſe for three great ſalvations,	60
The Incomprehenſible,	63
Death and eternity,	64
A ſight of heav'n in ſickneſs,	65
The univerſal hallelujah, *Pſal.* cxlviii.	67
The Atheiſt's miſtake,	69

The law given at Sinai,
Remember your Creator, &c.
Sun, moon, and ſtars, praiſe ye the Lord
The welcome meſſenger,
Sincere praiſe,
True learning,
True wiſdom,
A ſong to creating Wiſdom,
God's abſolute dominion,
Condeſcending grace,
The Infinite,
Confeſſion and pardon,
Young men and maidens, &c. praiſe ye the L
Flying fowl, &c. praiſe ye the Lord

Page
Sovereignty and grace, 117
The law and goſpel, 118
Seeking a divine calm, &c. *Caſimire*, b. iv. ode 28. 119
Happy frailty, 120
Lanching into eternity, 122
A proſpect of the reſurrection, 123
Ad Dominum noſtrum Jeſum Chriſtum. Oda, 124
Sui ipſius increpatio. Epigramma, 127
Excitatio cordis cœlum verſus, 128
Breathing toward the heavenly country, 129
In Sanctum Ardalionem, &c. *Caſim.* epig. 100, 130
Engliſhed, *ib.*
On the Proteſtant church at Montpelier being demoliſhed, two Latin epigrams Engliſhed, 131-132
Two happy rivals, Devotion and the Muſe, *ib.*

ON DIVINE LOVE.

The hazard of loving the creatures, 136
Deſiring to love Chriſt, 137
The heart given away, 139
Meditation in a grove, 140
The faireſt and the only beloved, 141
Mutual love ſtronger than death, 143
A ſight of Chriſt, 145
Love on a croſs and a throne, 148
A preparatory thought for the Lord's ſupper, 149
Converſe with Chriſt, 150

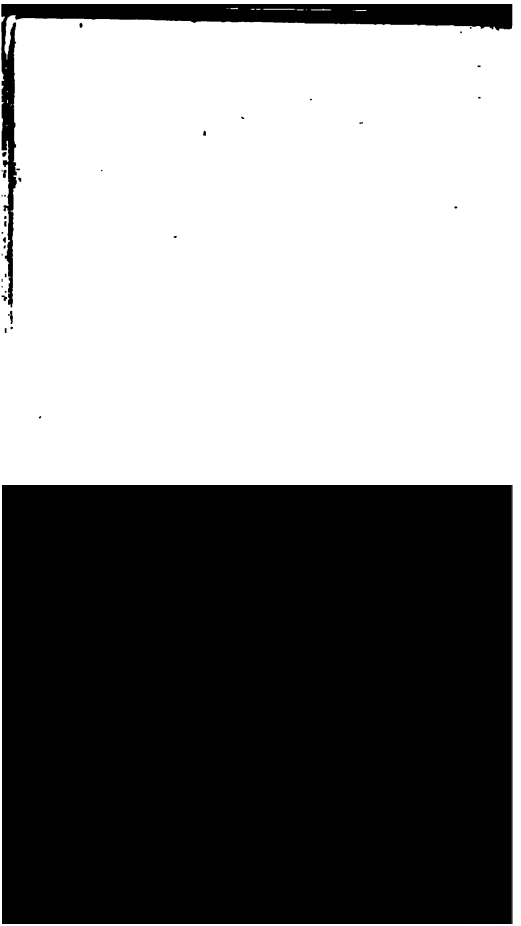
the presence of God worth dyir
death of Moſes,
Longing for Chriſt's return,
Hope in darkneſs,
Come, Lord Jeſus,
Bewailing my own inconſtancy,
Forſaken yet hoping,
The concluſion,

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
May 4. 1782.

END OF VOLUME FIF

Grignion Sculp:

ndon Printed for John Bell British Library Aug. 20th 1782.



THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VI.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Poems chiefly of the Lyrick kind, facred

I. *TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.*
II. *TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.*
III. *TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.*

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (χ σέβυ αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἁγαυὺς,
Τύς τε Καταχθονίυς. *Pythag. Aur. Ca*

———*Si non* Uranie *Lyram*
Celeſtum cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imit

Hail, heav'n-born Muſe! that with celeſtial flame
And high ſeraphick numbers durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies.——With thought ſublime
And high ſonorous words thou ſwectly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDE

Seraphick heights I ſeem to gain
And ſacred tranſports feel
While WATTS! to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpris'd I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMEL

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

To her Majeſty.

QUEEN of the northern world, whoſe gentle ſway
Commands our love and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd.
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almoſt without a tear
Stands nor complains, while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in ſilver ſtreams amidſt the throng.
Amazing balm that on thoſe lips was found
To ſooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terrour dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion ſhouts thine honours as her joys ariſe.
The German Eagle feels her guardian dead;
Not her own thunder can ſecure her head;
Her trembling Eaglets haſten from afar,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallick war;
All hide behind thy ſhield. Remoter lands,
Whoſe lives lay truſted in Naſſauvian hands,
Tranſfer their ſouls, and live ſecure; they play
In thy mild rays and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilſt in various forms
Fair Piety ſhines thro' the Britiſh iſles.
Here at thy ſide and in thy kindeſt ſmiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold ſhe ſtands
To bleſs thy councils and aſſiſt thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands:
There at a humble diſtance from the throne †
Beauteous ſhe lies, her luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd, yet not bluſhing nor afraid,
Nor knows ſuſpicion nor affects the ſhade:
Cheerful and pleas'd, ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy parental gifts but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign! endleſs vows ariſe,
And Zeal with earthly wing ſalutes the ſkies
To gain thy ſafety: here a ſolemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides but bounds our wiſhes: there the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes; yet ſtill beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories riſe, thy ſpreading terrour grows.
Princeſs! the world already owns thy name;
Go mount the chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.

* The eſtabliſhed church of England.
† The Proteſtant Diſſenters.
* Ibid.
† Ibid.

The vengeance of thy rod with gen'ral joy
Shall ſcourge rebellion and the rival boy *;
Thy ſounding arms his Gallick patron hears,
And ſpeeds his flight, not overtakes his fears
Till hard deſpair wring from the tyrant's ſoul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
Our angry jars at home till Wrath ſubmit
Her impious banners to thy ſacred feet;
Mad Zeal and Phrenzy with their murd'rous train
Fly theſe ſweet realms in thine auſpicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and Treaſon bite the chain.
Let no black ſcene affright fair Albion's ſtage;
Thy thread of life prolong our Golden Age;
Long bleſs the earth, and late aſcend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown
Nor there unſung, for by thy awful hands
Heav'n rules the waves and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferiour kings † and gives them their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy ſiſter-ſeraph, bleſs'd Maria, waits.
But oh! the parting ſtroke! ſome heav'nly pow'r
Cheer thy ſad Britons in the gloomy hour;

* The Pretender.

† She made Charles the Emperour's ſecond ſon King of Spain, who is now Emperour of Germany.

Some new propitious ſtar appear on high,
The faireſt glory of the weſtern ſky,
And Anna be its name, with gentle ſway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude north wind and the rugged Bea
Calm riſing wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the ſouther
ſphere *! 7

Palinodia.

Britons! forgive the forward Muſe
That dar'd prophetick ſeals to looſe,
(Unſkill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters miſtook.
George is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendours beaming far,

* *Note.* This poem was written in the year 1705, in tha
nourable part of the reign of our late Queen when ſhe
broke the French power at Blenheim, aſſerted the rigl
Charles the preſent Emperour to the Crown of Spain, exe
her zeal for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and promiſed inviol
to maintain the toleration to the Proteſtant Diſſenters. T
ſhe appeared the chief ſupport of the Reformation, and the
troneſs of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour,
was by no means attended with the accompliſhment of t
glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muſe
not ſatisfy herſelf to publiſh this new edition without ackn
ledging the miſtake of her former preſages, and while ſhe
the world this juſtice ſhe does herſelf the honour of a volun
retractation.

Auguſt 1. 1721.

Saw in the eaſt your joys ariſe,
When Anna ſunk in weſtern ſkies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimſon gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence ſooths the Ruſſian Bear,
Calms riſing wars and heals the air;
Join'd with the ſun his beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter bleſſings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the work that Anne forſook.

Auguſt 1. 1721.

To John Locke, Eſq. retired from buſineſs.

I.

Angels are made of heav'nly things,
And light and love our ſouls compoſe,
Their bliſs within their boſom ſprings,
Within their boſom flows;
But narrow minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the coaſts of fleſh and ſenſe
And fetch diviner pleaſures thence.
Men are akin t'ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debaſe their honour down to earth,
And claim a ſhare with worms.

II.

He that has treaſures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious mind.
Locke hath a ſoul wide as the ſea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaſt ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To John Shute, Eſq. (now Lord Barrington) on Mr. Locke's dangerous ſickneſs, ſome time after he had retired to ſtudy the Scriptures. *June* 1704.

I.

And muſt the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The wings of Faith, and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the ſkies!

II.

Go, friend, and wait the Prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And ſeize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeneſs bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his ſon.

III.

Thus when our follies or our faults
Call for the pity of thy thoughts
Thy pen ſhall make us wiſe,
The fallies of whoſe youthful wit
Could pierce the Britiſh fogs with light,
Place our true int'reſt * in our ſight,
And open half our eyes.

To Mr. William Nokes.

Friendſhip, 1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou ſweet deluding ill!
The brighteſt minute mortals find
And ſharpeſt hours we feel.

2. Fate has divided all our ſhares
Of pleaſure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

3. But whilſt in floods our ſorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling ſouls
Serves but to ſwell our wo.

4. Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte
And friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond paſſion cling ſo faſt
When ev'ry joy is gone?

* The intereſt of England, written by J. S. Eſq.

'Tis not by ſplendour or by ſtate,
Exalted mien or lofty gait,
My Muſe takes meaſure of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtick thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds enſlav'd in clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of high and great,
The flatt'ries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run

IV.

Sure there 's a mind within that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulſe beat high
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth reſume the fleſh it gave
And breath diſſolve amongſt the winds;
Gibſon! the things that fear a grave,
That I can loſe or you can ſave,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the ſkies,
Upward our ſpirits hourly riſe,
And there our thoughts employ;
When Heav'n ſhall ſign our grand releaſe,
We are no ſtrangers to the place,
The bus'neſs or the joy.

False greatneſs.

I.

Myro, forbear to call him bleſt
That only boaſts a large eſtate;
Should all the treaſures of the weſt
Meet and conſpire to make him great,
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon, cann't deſcend ſo low.

II.

Rich julaps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame,
And plants and roots of barb'rous name
Torn from the Indian ſhore.
Thus we ſupport our tott'ring fleſh,
Our cheeks reſume the roſe afreſh,
When bark and ſteel play well their game
To ſave our ſinking breath,
And Gibſon with his awful pow'r
Reſcues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of Death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us at laſt to greedy worms
A deſpicable prey.
[illegible] life to call my own

To Sariſſa. An epiſtle.

BEAR up, Sariſſa, thro' the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world; tread down the cares,
Thoſe rugged thorns that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the Muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: this briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel thro' a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers and a thouſand ſnares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu ye horrours of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real ſmart
And the falſe terrours of illboding dreams
Vaniſh together; be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.
Farewell ye waxing and ye waning moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian height: then ſilence reign'd
O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witneſs'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye ſilver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round
Thoſe hours are fled. Farewell months that are gone

Let a broad ſtream with golden ſands
Thro' all his meadows roll,
He 's but a wretch with all his lands
That wears a narrow ſoul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poizing what he weighs
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore:
He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree

Should vicious Pleasure take an angel form,
And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
Treach'rous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the just delight
That Heav'n indulges lawful must obey
Superiour pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size: if it approach your feet
And court your hand forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart; still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better born affections; leave the globe,
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.
O! there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste, but 't is a steep ascent:
Hold fast the golden chain * let down from heav'n,
'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring; happy clue
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work
All join'd by Pow'r divine, and ev'ry link is love.

* The gospel.

To Mr. T. Bradbury.

Paradiſe, 1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the ſtage,
Nor will I know th' applauſes of the age:
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares
Or agonies or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heav'n demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt ye, friends, divide and ſhare
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race.

There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul! and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying Muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here; here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light,
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign,
The laws forbid the stranger pain,
And banish ev'ry care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise!
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit,
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root:

Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While eccſtaſy and health attends on ev'ry taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood,
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

V.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints, new releas'd by death,
Join the bold ſeraphs' warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal ſong:
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings
To mighty ſounds and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds like the ſofter viol ſweet,
And like the trumpet ſtrong.
Divine attention held my ſoul;
I was all ear;
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll:
I long'd and wiſh'd my Bradb'ry there:
"Could he but hear theſe notes," I ſaid,
"His tuneful ſoul would never bear
"The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
"But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable Name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine.

Again my ſoul th' unequal honour ſought,
Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought, [thought.
And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy
Thrice I eſſay'd and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion and diſſolv'd the dream;
I ſunk at once and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around 'em ſtood my curtains and the night.

Strict religion very rare.

I.

I 'M borne aloft and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold;
Mine eyes beneath the op'ning day
Command the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play
And tug and heave the mould.

II.

" Are theſe the things," my Paſſion cry'd,
" That we call Men? are theſe ally'd
" To the fair worlds of light?
" They 'ave raſed out their Maker's name
" Grav'n on their minds with pointed flame
" In ſtrokes divinely bright.

Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While ecſtaſy and health attends on ev'ry taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood,
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuſe ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

V.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints, new releas'd by death,
Join the bold ſeraphs' warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal ſong:
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings
To mighty ſounds and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds like the ſofter viol ſweet.

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God;
With morning incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and thro' the lower ſkies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Acroſs the road a ſeraph flew;
" Mark," ſaid he, " that happy pair,
" Marriage helps devotion there;
" When kindred minds their God purſue
" They break with double vigour thro'
" The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleaſure and ſurpriſe
My ſoul adores, and ſings
" Bleſs'd be the Pow'r that ſprings their flight,
" That ſtreaks their path with heav'nly light,
" That turns their love to ſacrifice,
" And joins their zeal forwings!"

To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood.

I.

Fleetwoods, young gen'rous pair!
Deſpiſe the joys that fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a ſtandard bold and juſt,
Honour, and gold, and paint, and duſt,
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!

Things that the crowd call great and brave
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death:
The ſoul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

II.

The ſoul 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mould'ring corpſe, and leaves the globe
In limbs of clay tho' ſhe appears, [behind.
Array'd in roſy ſkin and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The fleſh is but the ſoul's diſguiſe;
There's nothing in her frame kin to the dreſs ſhe
From all the laws of matter free, [wears:
From all we feel and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

III.

Riſe then my thoughts on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die:
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of ſouls,
Whirling the planets round the poles, [on.
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods
Swift the approach and ſolemn is the day
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarſe array,
To endleſs pain or endleſs joy
Muſt be at once conſign'd.

IV.

Think of the ſands run down to waſte;
We poſſeſs none of all the paſt;
None but the preſent is our own:
Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
'Tis but one ſhort one ſhining hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting ſun:
See the white minutes wing'd with haſte;
The Now that flies may be the laſt:
Seize the ſalvation ere 't is paſt,
Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here;
A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
And drowns you in deſpair.

To William Blackbourn, Eſq.

Caſimire, lib. ii. *ode* 2. *imitated.*

Quae tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it ſnows! how faſt the valley fills!
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear,
Yet the warm ſunbeams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away and the young green appear.

2. But when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver froſt there 's no returning ſun;

Not the green garland n
Shall cancel or conceal th

4. The chaſe of pleaſu
While the bright ſands of
And honour calls you fro
To ſell the gaudy hour fo

5. 'Tis but one youth, a
And one old age diſſolves
But there's a heav'nly art
And with the hero race in

6. The man that has his
Bedewing his cold hearſe h
Thus, Blackbourn! we ſho
Old Time and waning n
away.

True monarc

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to Reaſon's throne
Forms it a large one, whilſt his royal mind
Makes Heav'n its counſel, from the rolls above
Draws his own ſtatutes, and with joy obeys.
'Tis not a troop of wellappointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with ſunbeams and ſet round with ſtars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone
Makes his own camp; four guardian Virtues wait
His nightly ſlumbers and ſecure his dreams.
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In ſquare battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himſelf a num'rous hoſt,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveleſs as the centre.
In vain the harlot Pleaſure ſpreads her charms
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap
To ſenſual eaſe; (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whoſe waxen images of ſouls
Are moulded into ſoftneſs) ſtill his mind
Wears its own ſhape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound,
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy; in himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tow'r, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.
Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom: ſit above the globe
My riſing ſoul! and dreſs thyſelf around,
And ſhine in Virtue's armour, climb the height
Of Wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.
Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great molehill, and with pitying eye
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt; then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold and great without renown.

True courage.

Honour demands my ſong: forget the ground
My gen'rous Muſe, and ſit amongſt the ſtars,
There ſing the ſoul that conſcious of her birth
Lives like a native of the vital world

Amongſt theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character ſuperiour to the fleſh!
She wields her paſſions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.
This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn deſtiny
In all its charming or its frightful ſhapes.
He that unſhrinking and without a groan
Bears the firſt wound may finiſh all the war
With mere courageous ſilence, and come off
Conq'ror; for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of Fate he bears 'em well.
He tho' th' Atlantick and the midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet and riſe on high,
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain
Mingled with flames upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt life, unhurt, unmov'd,
And drops his lower nature, born for death;
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind
Sublime looks down exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation; (ſouls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids

To reach his birthplace, and without a ſigh
He bids his batter'd fleſh lie gently down
Amongſt its native rubbiſh, whilſt the ſpirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted gueſt
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable ſky.

Thither when Fate has brought our willing ſouls,
No matter whether 't was a ſharp diſeaſe
Or a ſharp ſword that help'd the travellers on
And puſh'd us to our home, bear up my friend
Serenely, and break thro' the ſtormy brine
With ſteady prow: know we ſhall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliſs
To which we ever ſteer, whether as kings
Of wide command we 'ave ſpread the ſpacious ſea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cockboat with a little oar.

There let my native plank ſhift me to land
And I 'll be happy: thus I 'll leap aſhore,
Joyful and fearleſs, on th' immortal coaſt,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it muſt be loſt.

To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the director of my youthful ſtudies.

Free philoſophy.

I.

Custom, that tyranneſs of fools,
That leads the learned round the ſchools
In magick chains of forms and rules!
My Genius ſtorms her throne:

No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track nor dance the round;
Looſe hands, and quit th' enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate theſe ſhackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wiſe;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Samſon blind and bound,
But when his native ſtrength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence Rowe;
Thy gentle influence, like the ſun,
Only diſſolves the frozen ſnow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow
And chuſe the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will thro' all Nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of laden ſouls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight or deep or high;
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

To the Reverend Mr. Benoni Rowe.

The way of the multitude.

I.

Rowe! if we make the crowd our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road
Mean is the chaſe, and wand'ring wide
We miſs th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader mind
I'd mark thy ſteps and tread the ſame;
Dreſs'd in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a ſoul of mortal frame
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance;
Bright Reaſon never leads the dance:
Whilſt in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we ſtray
To ruin we deſcend, to ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires; ſhe hates the crowd,
And with a decent ſcorn
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy ſeat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a paſſage worn.

III.

Mere Hazard firſt began the track,
Where Cuſtom leads her thouſands blind
In willing chains and ſtrong;
There 's ſcarce one bold one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal errour back,
But hand in hand ourſelves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a ſavage herd and loud
As billows on a noiſy flood
In rapid order roll;
Example makes the miſchief good;
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's * friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear ſublime
To Wiſdom's lofty tow'r,
Thence to ſurvey that wretched thing
Mankind, and in exalted rhyme
Bleſs the deliv'ring Pow'r.

To the Reverend Mr. John Howe, 1704.

I.

GREAT Man! permit the Muſe to climb
And ſeat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought ſublime
And conſecrate her wit.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

I feel I feel th' attractive force
Of thy ſuperiour ſoul,
My chariot flies her upward courſe,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men,
How they grow gray in trifling cares
Or waſte the motions of the ſpheres
Upon delights as vain!

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow duſt is ſolid good;
Thus like the aſs of ſavage kind
We ſnuff the breezes of the wind
Or ſteal the ſerpent's food.

Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the ſeraphick throng:
"Knowledge and love make ſpirits bleſt,
"Knowledge their food and love their reſt;"
But fleſh, th' unmanageable beaſt,
Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes
And muſick of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov'ling mind
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind
In reſtleſs windings roam:
Howe hath an ample orb of ſoul
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heav'n at home.

The diſappointment and relief.

I.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impoſe
Upon my better pow'rs;
She caſts ſweet fallacies on half our woes
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How cou'd we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
If where no ſov'reign cure appears
No opiates could be found?

II.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood;
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs haſte
And rears the nether mud:
Darkneſs and naufeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current Love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaſe the heart and ſorrow for the eyes.

Cheerful ſhe ſmiles upon her griſly form;
So ſhines the ſetting ſun on adverſe ſkies,
And paints a rainbow on the ſtorm:
Anon ſhe lets the ſullen humour ſpend,
And with a virtuous book or friend
Beguiles th' uneaſy hours;
Wellcolouring ev'ry croſs ſhe meets
With heart ſerene ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her board with fancy'd ſweets,
And ſtrows her bed with flow'rs.

The hero's ſchool of morality.

Theron amongſt his travels found
A broken ſtatue on the ground,
And ſearching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument:
Mould, moſs, and ſhades, had overgrown
The ſculpture of the crumbling ſtone,
Yet ere he paſs'd with much ado
He gueſs'd and ſpell'd out Sci-pi-o.
" Enough," he cry'd; " I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull Stoicks o'er:
" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates,
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious recipes of ſchools
" To cure ambition; I can learn
" With greater eaſe the great concern

" Of mortals, how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.
" Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid:
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd and trampled in the road,
" The relicks of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd,
" Toſs'd for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The tow'ring heights and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence.——————
" He——————
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal now lies torn and dead,
" Here his pale trunk and there his head.
" Great Pompey! while I meditate
" With ſolemn horrour thy ſad fate,
" Thy carcaſs ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie ſtill my Plutarch then and ſleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further uſe for you;
" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I 'll take a turn among the tombs
" And ſee whereto all glory comes;
" There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
" Tramples the ſons of Honour down,
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport
" And tread the Cæſars in the dirt.

Freedom, 1697.

I.

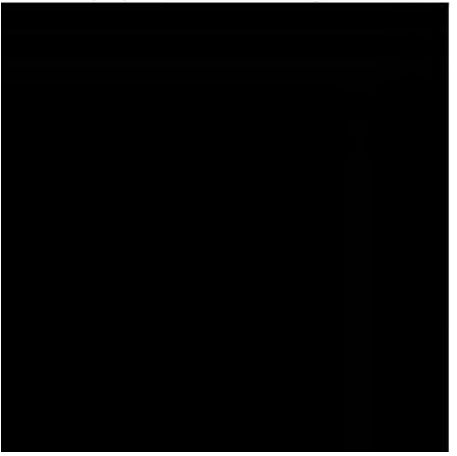
TEMPT me no more; my ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlav'ries of a court;
I 'ave an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vaſſal ſouls, go cringe and wait
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves, and when he loiters ſtand;
You 're but the ſhadows of a man:
Bend when he ſpeaks and kiſs the ground;
To catch th' impertinence of ſound,
Adore the follies of the great,
Wait till he ſmiles; but lo! the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus baſeborn minds; but as for me
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain or ſome ſtately tree
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand and as I go
It keeps my body ſo:
No, I can never part with my creation right.
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee [I
Bend to a meaner pow'r than that which form

III.

Thus my bold harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy ſhade
I hung my harp aloft, myſelf beneath it laid;



Of an old oak, and all the ſtorm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heav'nly thunder's ſtroke.

On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon ſeveral parts of The New Teſtament, left behind him at his death.

I.

Thus reaſon learns by ſlow degrees
What faith reveals, but ſtill complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkneſs from the too exuberant light:
The blaze of thoſe bright myſteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble ſight.

II.

Reaſon could ſcarce ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſs'd in glories ſo unknown:
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, ſpeak and ſay,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Coſt thee more toil or larger grace
To melt and bend it to obey?
'Twas hard to make ſo rich a ſoul ſubmit
And lay her ſhining honours at thy ſov'reig

IV.

Siſter of Faith, fair Charity,
Shew me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he ſees the Godhead Three in On
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleſt pow'rs in deep proſtration lie
At the myſterious throne:
" Forgive," he cries, " we ſaints below

True riches.

I Am not concern'd to know
What to-morrow Fate will do,
'Tis enough that I can ſay
I 'ave poſſeſs'd myſelf to-day:
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my fleſh and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.
  Glitt'ring ſtones and golden things,
Wealth and honours, that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows
She can take and I can loſe,
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf a-whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
  I 'ave a mighty part within
That the world hath never ſeen,

Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the goſpel and ebaſed Chriſtianity in the book which he calls The Reaſonableneſs of it, and in ſome of his other works.

Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeful grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight:
Here are thoughts of larger growth
Rip'ning into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd of noble taſte,
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt:
Here in a green and ſhady grove
Streams of pleaſure mix with love;
There beneath the ſmiling ſkies
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
  There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul:
'Tis a region half unknown
That has treaſures of its own
More remote from publick view
Than the bowels of Peru;

Broader 't is and brighter far
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the wat'ry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age;
Harts or horſes ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days or more.
Yet the ſilly wand'ring mind,
Loath to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence;
Or ſhe ſits at Fancy's door
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows t' her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a ſtranger living:
Never never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore;
If her inward worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The adventurous Muſe.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing;
Thro' riſing deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
Nor Rapin * gives her rules to fly nor Purcel † notes [to ſing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks or where th' ingulfing [ſand;
Climbing the liquid mountains of the ſkies
She meets deſcending angels as ſhe flies,
Nor aſks them where their country lies
Or where the ſeamarks ſtand:
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She ſprings unerring upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white ſails aloft, and ſteers
With bold and ſafe attempt to the celeſtial land,

III.

Whilſt little ſkiffs along the mortal ſhores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coaſting in ſight of one another's oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundleſs deep:
Such low pretending ſouls are they

* A French critick. † An Engliſh maſter of muſick.

Who dwell in enclos'd ſolid orbs of ſcull;
Plodding along their ſober way
The ſnail o'ertakes them in their wildeſt play,
While the poor lab'rers ſweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whoſe diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlaſting hills,
And loſe the clouds below and leave the ſtars behind:
Give me the Muſe whoſe gen'rous force,
Impatient of the reigns,
Purſues an unattempted courſe,
Breaks all the criticks' iron chains,
And bears to Paradiſe the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells; the mortal ſung
Themes not preſum'd by any mortal tongue;
New terrours or new glories ſhine
In ev'ry page, and flying ſcenes divine
Surpriſe the wond'ring ſenſe and draw our ſouls along.
Behold his Muſe ſent out t' explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown
Thro' fields of heav'nly war and ſeraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led;
Sov'reign ſhe fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.

The noble hater of degen'rate rhyme
Shook off the chains and built his verſe ſublime,
A monument too high for coupled ſounds to climb:
He mourn'd the garden loſt below;
(Earth is the ſcene for tuneful wo)
Now bliſs beats high in all his veins,
Now the loſt Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air and triumphs in unrivall'd ſtrains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! thus thy own Raphael ſings,
And knows no rule but native fire;
All heav'n ſits ſilent while to his ſov'reign ſtrings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Acroſs the golden lyre;
From ev'ry note devotion ſprings;
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erſpread the liſt'ning choir.

To Mr. Nicholas Clarke.

The complaint.

I.

'Twas in a vale where oſiers grow
By murm'ring ſtreams we told our wo
And mingled all our cares;
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews ariſe,
And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vig'rous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still ſick'ning and decaying ſtill
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of Night obſcur'd his gold
Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning ſtood the hills.

IV.

" Such are our ſorrows, Clarke," I cry'd,
" Clouds of the brain grow black and hide
" Our darken'd ſouls behind;
" In the young morning of our years
" Diſtemp'ring fogs have climb'd the ſpheres
" And choke the lab'ring mind.

V.

" Lo, the gay planet rears his head
" And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
" New-bright'ning all the ſkies:
" But ſay, dear partner of my moan,
" When will our long eclipſe be gone,
" *Or when* our ſuns ariſe?

VI.

" In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
" Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
" To make the darkneſs fly;
" But drugs would raiſe the dead as ſoon,
" Or clatt'ring braſs relieve the moon,
" When fainting in the ſky.

VII.

" Some friendly ſpirit from above,
" Born of the light and nurs'd with love,
" Aſſiſt our feeble fires,
" Force theſe invading glooms away;
" Souls ſhould be ſeen quite thro' their clay
" Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

" But if the fogs muſt damp the flame,
" Gently kind Death diſſolve our frame,
" Releaſe the pris'ner mind:
" Our ſouls ſhall mount at thy diſcharge
" To their bright ſource, and ſhine at large
" Nor clouded nor confin'd."

The afflictions of a friend, 1702.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs for ever dumb,
Your ſorrows ſwell my heart ſo high
They leave my own no room.

2. Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

3. Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight
And all the ſoul invades;
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the ev'ning ſhades.

4. Thus am I born to be unbleſt;
This ſympathy of wo
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T' admit a foreign foe.

5. Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign,
Their iron rod I feel;
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I 'm the priſ'ner ſtill.

6. Why was this life for miſ'ry made,
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead,
Or is a wretch too young?

7. Move faſter on great Nature's wheel,
Be kind ye rolling pow'rs,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

8. Be duſky all my riſing ſuns,
Nor ſmile upon a ſlave;
Darkneſs and death make haſte at once
To hide me in the grave.

And smiling thus the [illegible]

2. "Were kindred ſpirits born for ca
"Muſt ev'ry grief be mine?
"Is there a ſympathy in tears
"Yet joys refuſe to join?"

3. Forbid it Heav'n, and raiſe my lo
And make our joys the ſame;
So bliſs and friendſhip join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

4. Sorrows are loſt in vaſt delight
That brightens all the ſoul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the duſky pole.

5. Pleaſures in long ſucceſſion reign
And all my pow'rs employ;
Friendſhip but bliſs the pleaſing ſcen
And freſh repeats the joy.

[illegible] a ſoft and ſilver thread,

7. Faſt as you pleaſe roll down the hill
And haſte away my years,
Or I can wait my Father's will
And dwell beneath the ſpheres.

8. Riſe glorious ev'ry future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By welldiſtinguiſh'd rays.

To the Right Honourable John Lord Cuts †,

At the ſiege of Namur.

The hardy ſoldier.

" O Why is man ſo thoughtleſs grown,
" Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
" Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown
" Heedleſs to arms and blood they fly.

2. " Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
" Why will you join ſuch wide extremes,
" And ſtake immortal ſouls in play
" At deſp'rate chance and bloody games?

3. " Valour 's a nobler turn of thought
" Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears;
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot,
" Secure of life above the ſtars.

† At the ſiege of Namur.

4. " But Phrenzy dares eternal Fate,
" And ſpurr'd with Honour's airy dreams
" Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
" And force a paſſage to the flames."
5. Thus hov'ring o'er Namuria's plains
Sung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's form,
Young Thraſo left the moving ſtrains
And vow'd to pray before the ſtorm.
6. Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls;
" Vows are but wind," the hero cries;
Then ſwears by Heav'n, and ſcales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, deſpairs and dies.

Burning ſeveral poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c. 1708.

I.

I Judge the Muſe of lewd deſire,
Her ſons to darkneſs and her works to fire.
In vain the flatt'ries of their wit,
Now with a melting ſtrain now with an heav'nly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Thoſe gaudy tenders of a lawleſs love.
So harlots dreſs; they can appear
Sweet, modeſt, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye, but all within
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging ſin.

II.

Die Flora, die in endleſs ſhame,
Thou proſtitute of blackeſt fame,
Stript of thy falſe array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern luſt who gild our ſcenes,
Poiſon the Britiſh ſtage and paint damnation gay,
Attend your miſtreſs to the dead:
When Flora dies her imps ſhould wait upon her ſhade.

III.

Strephon †, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever ſhine his name!)
As death approach'd his ſoul refin'd,
And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame:
"Burn, burn," he cry'd, with ſacred rage,
"Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O! indulgent Heav'n
"So vile the Muſe and yet the man forgiv'n!)
"Burn on my ſongs, for not the ſilver Thames,
"Nor Tiber with his yellow ſtreams,
"In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poiſon or waſh out the ſtains."
So Moſes by divine command
Forbid the leprous houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal ſpot was grown;
"Break down the timber and dig up the ſtone."

† Earl of Rochester.

To Mrs. K. Bendiſh.

Againſt tears, 1699.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away,
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.
2. Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſov'reign drop for all my pain.
3. Were both the golden Indies mine
I'd give both Indies for a tear;
I'd barter all but what's divine,
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.
4. But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our wo;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.
5. Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our mis'ries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.
6. Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face;
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperiour race.

7. If 't is a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe;
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

Few happy matches, Aug. 1701.

I.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my ſong
To whom my ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts and joining hands
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands
To ſoften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine
And be as bleſs'd as they.

III.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoick ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heav'nly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell
With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind,
For Love abhors the ſight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

To David Polhill, Eſq.

An epiſtle, December 1702.

I.

Let uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
Polhill ſhould leave a country-ſeat
When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Suſſex * ſhould have charms
While Liberty with loud alarms
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

* His country-ſeat and dwelling.

III.

Lewis, by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a baſeborn lord *;
Awake your cares, awake your ſword.

IV.

Factions amongſt the Britons † riſe,
And warring tongues and wild Surmiſe,
And burning Zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd " 'Tis of diviner weight
" To ſave the ſteeple than the ſtate."

VI.

The bold machine ‡ is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandfires' ſhades with jealous eye
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

VIII.

If Trevia || fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt petition ⸸ for the land.

* The Pretender proclaimed king in France.

† The parliament.

‡ The bill againſt occaſional conformity, 1702.

|| Mrs. Polhill, of the family of the Lord Trevor.

⸸ Mr. Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who *preſented the famous* Kentiſh petition to the parliament in the *reign of King* William to haſten their ſupplies, in order to ſup*port the King in his* war with France.

ie celebrated victory of the Poles over Oſman the Turkiſh Emperour in the Dacian battle.

Tranſlated from Caſimire, b. iv. ode 4. with large additions.

ADOR the old, the wealthy, and the ſtrong,
ieerful in years, (nor of the heroick Muſe
aknowing nor unknown) held fair poſſeſſions
here flows the fruitful Danube: ſev'nty ſprings
ill'd on his ſeed, and ſev'nty harveſt moons
l'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal joy;
ill he reſum'd the toil, and Fame reports,
hile he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
graſſy furrows, the torn earth diſclos'd
elmets and ſwords (bright furniture of war
eeping in ruſt) and heaps of mighty bones.
ie ſun deſcending to the weſtern deep
d him lie down and reſt; he loos'd the yoke,
t held his weary'd oxen from their food
ith charming numbers and uncommon ſong.
Go, fellow-lab'rers, you may rove ſecure
feed beſide me; taſte the greens and boughs
at you have long forgot; crop the ſweet herb,
d graze in ſafety, while the victor Pole
ans on his ſpear and breathes, yet ſtill his eye
lous and fierce. How large, old ſoldier, ſay,
w fair a harveſt of the ſlaughter'd Turks
ew'd the Moldavian fields? what mighty piles
vaſt deſtruction and of Thracian dead

Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs hills,
And coats of ſcaly ſteel and hard habergeon,
Deep bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy
I was their captive, and remind their dreſs.)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along,
In auguſt port and regular array
Led on to conqueſt: here the Turkiſh chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his pop'lous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual dreſs'd in arn
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen! when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears, when poliſh'd h
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun,
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning War,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt flood
Wav'ring and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd a while
By wife command, fledg'd arrows on the nerve
And ſcimitar and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant, till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulph'rous fir
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with a
Then jav'lins anſwer'd jav'lins as they fled,

For both fled hiſſing death: with adverſe edge
The crooked faulchions met, and hideous noiſe
From flaſhing ſhields thro' the long ranks of war
Clang'd horrible; a thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe, and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold north when pour'd in rattling hail
Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains
Or ſo torment the ear: ſcarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock;
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous craſh rolls down the rugged cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como' or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills.
Such was the noiſe of war; the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighb'ring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.
Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murd'rous forms, and flame, and blood,
And ſweat, and duſt, array the broad campaign
In horrour: haſty feet and ſparkling eyes,
And all the ſavage paſſions of the ſoul,
Engage in the warm buſ'neſs of the day.

Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight, and breaſts in cloſe embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of Death:
Here words auſtere, of perilous command,
And valour ſwift t' obey: bold fates of arms,
Dreadful to ſee and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more ſurpriſing brightneſs
Than glitt'ring helms or ſpears. What loud applauſe,
(Beſt meed of warlike toil) what manly ſhouts,
And yells unmanly, thro' the battle ring,
And ſudden wrath dies into endleſs fame!

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk; the valiant Pole
Fought there more dreadful, tho' with leſſer wings.
But what the Dahees, or the coward ſoul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of baſe Cilicians ſcaping from the ſlaughter,
Or Parthian beaſts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean againſt th' intrepid breaſt
Of the purſuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Ruſh here, and here the Lithuanian horſe
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging thro' the ſky
On ſounding wheels, or as ſome mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful ſteep
Precipitant, and bears along the ſtream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty foreſts headlong to the plain.
The bold Bort-man, ſmoking from afar,

Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heav'n,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhow'rs of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal ſtorm
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war
And ruſh on the ſharp point, while baleful miſchiefs,
Deaths and bright dangers, flew acroſs the field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murm'ring thro' their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 't was unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh Moons
Wander'd in diſarray; a dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver Creſcent, boding night,
Long night, to all her ſons: at length diſrob'd
The ſtandards fell, the barb'rous enſigns torn
Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry heav'n,
And a large cloud of infantry and horſe
Scatt'ring in wild diſorder ſpread the plain.
Not noiſe nor number, nor the brawny limb
Nor high-built ſize, prevails: 't is courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle axe

And fteel well fharpen'd; fo a gen'rous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thoufand dove
Vaft was the flaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimfon. Vet'ran bands
Here made their laft campaign. Here haughty c
Stretch'd on the bed of purple Honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron flumbers and long night:
Their ghoſts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well; for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fall'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lunes or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood, to the Warſovian troops
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen pollaxe flew
With ſpeedy terrour thro' the feebler herd
And made rude havock and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In ſwift affright a thouſand diff'rent ways
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the cr
mountains
Bellowing; yet haſty Fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the tim'rous deer.
Thus the dire proſpect diſtant fill'd my ſoul
With awe, till the laſt relicks of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly plain. I took a nearer view,

Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs
(A diſmal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay welt'ring on the ground, while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves ſtill ſhiv'ring, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud,
Torn with freſh wounds, but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of Nature to ſuſtain
Long torment: his wild eyeballs roll; his teeth
Gnaſhing with anguiſh chide his ling'ring fate;
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Amongſt the neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
Lay proſtrate, ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their prince.
I mov'd not far, and lo! at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richeſt Ott'man blood
Extended on the field; in friendſhip join'd,
Nor Fate divides them; hardy warriours both,
Both faithful: drown'd in ſhow'rs of darts they fell
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart.
In vain, for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of jav'lins; ſome alas! too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenus for cruel Death.
O my dear native land! forgive the tear

I drop on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſio
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a ſacrifice to hoſtile virtue:
Dacia, forgive the ſigh that wiſh'd the ſouls
Of thoſe fair infidels ſome humble place
Among the bleſs'd. "Sleep, ſleep ye hapleſs Pair!"
Gently I cry'd, "worthy of better fate
"And better faith." Hard by the gen'ral lay,
Of Saracen deſcent, a grizly form,
Breathleſs, yet Pride ſat pale upon his front,
In diſappointment with a ſurly brow,
Louring in death and vex'd, his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bit hard the Poliſh ſpear.
In that dead viſage my remembrance reads
Raſh Caracas: in vain the boaſting ſlave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce
With royal ſuppers and triumphant fare,
Spread wide beneath Warſovian ſilk and gold:
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide cov'ring of the air,
Forgetful of his word! How Heav'n confounds
Inſulting hopes! with what an awful ſmile
Laughs at the proud that looſen all the reins
To their unbounded wiſhes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a ſhameful end!

But whither am I borne! this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs bulls
What generous horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my lon

My barb'rous Muſe, be ſtill: immortal deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtick verſe:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the fight
In ſounds of glory. Lo, the ev'ning ſtar
Shines o'er the weſtern hill; my oxen come,
The wellknown ſtar invites the lab'rer home.

To Mr. Henry Bendiſh.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 24. 1705.

THE following ſong was your's when firſt compoſed: the Muſe then deſcribed the general fate of mankind, that is, to be illmatched; and now ſhe rejoices that you have eſcaped the common miſchief, and that your ſoul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeneſs and love; perſevere and be happy.

I perſuade myſelf you will accept from the preſs what the pen more privately inſcribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain leſt you ſhould take offence at the fabulous dreſs of this poem; nor would weaker minds be ſcandalized at it if they would give themſelves leave to reflect how many divine truths are ſpoken by the holy writers in viſions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiſer friends aſhamed to defend it, ſince the narrative is grave, and the moral ſo juſt and obvious.

The Indian philoſopher, Sep. 3. 1701.

I.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain,
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendiſh, 't is ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

II.

In vain I fought the wondrous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber's reſt

V.

" He ſang th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital maſs that ſtill the ſame
" Does all our minds compoſe,
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames,
" Thence diff'ring ſouls of diff'ring names
" And jarring tempers roſe.

VI.

" The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind
" One mould for ev'ry two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new-born pair;
" This be a match for this," (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made
" To ſeek them bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loſt their fellows on the road
" And never join'd their hands:
" Ah cruel Chance and croſſing Fates!
" Our eaſtern ſouls have dropt their mates
" On Europe's barb'rous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joy of life;
" But oh! the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds
" *And chain'd* t' eternal ſtrife!"

" That gentle nymph tha
" I might be happy too.

3

" Some courteous angel te
" What diſtant lands this
" Or diſtant ſeas, detain?
" Swift as the wheel of Na
" I'd fly to meet and ming
" And wear the joyful cha

The happ

I.

SERENE as light is Myron'
And active as the ſun, yet ſt
In manly beauty ſhines his f
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace

Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru
In barb'rous songs pronounce the British hero's name:
"Airy bliss," the hero cry'd,
"May feed the tympany of pride,
"But healthy souls were never found
"To live on emptiness and sound."

II.

Lo! at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast
When Jove came down in golden show'rs,
He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say
"Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay."

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards and chariots at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait.
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall and now they rise,

Watch ev'ry motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings
He dropt a tear and pity'd kings,
Then flying from the noiſy throng
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

IV.

Muſick deſcending on a ſilent cloud
Tun'd all her ſtrings with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe; the harp and flute
Harmonious join the hero to ſalute
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits and rich wine, and ſcenes of lawleſs love,
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But ſounding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep or lull his ſoul to reſt.

V.

He ſaw the tedious round, and with a ſigh
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful ſolitude of mind,
" A vacancy within which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply

" Hence and be gone ye flatt'ring ſnares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promiſers!
" Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
" And baſe deſires by Nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a reliſh more refin'd;
" Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd:
" Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind,
" A kindred-ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."

VI.

Myrrha appear'd; ſerene her ſoul,
And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole:
In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
Ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace
Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes,
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before;
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain
Flow'd to his eyes and look'd again
And could endure no more.
" Enough," th' impatient hero cries,
" And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt;
" I ſeek no more below the ſkies;
" I give my ſlaves the reſt.

To David Polhill, Esq.

An answer to an infamous satire called Advice to a Painter, written by a nameless author against King William III. of glorious memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this satire into my hand you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing, which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his Majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country; and since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero that redeem'd our land
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,

William, the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes of tyranny and luſt?
Polhill! my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep, or are your paſſions tame,
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not, why no thunders roll,
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?
Audacious wretch! to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel flame,
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines.
Painter, beware! the monarch can be ſhown
Under no ſhape but angels or his own,
Gabriel or William on the Britiſh throne.
O! could my thought but graſp the vaſt deſign,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouſe Apelles from his iron ſleep,
And bid him trace the warriour o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the ſlain,
Scatt'ring juſt vengeance thro' the red campaign,
Then daſh the canvaſs with a flying ſtroke
Till it be loſt in clouds of fire and ſmoke,
And ſay 'Twas thus the conq'ror thro' the ſquadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud
Far from his troops; there like a rock he ſtood,
His country's ſingle barrier in a ſea of blood.

Calmly he leaves the pleaſures of a throne
And his Maria weeping, whilſt alone
He wards the fate of nations and provokes his own.
But Heav'n ſecures its champion: o'er the field
Paint hov'ring angels tho' they lie conceal'd;
Each intercepts a death and wears it on his ſhield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our iſle,
Mark how the ſkies with joyful luſtre ſmile,
Then imitate the glory on the ſtrand,
Spread half the nation longing till he land.
Waſh off the blood and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warriour, white the ruler paint,
Abroad a hero and at home a ſaint.
Throne him on high upon a ſhining ſeat,
Luſt and Profaneneſs dying at his feet.

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the reſt her ſtarry pinions ſpread.
Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtues, each of heav'nly mien:
Learn their bright air and paint it from his eyes;
The juſt, the bold, the temp'rate, and the wiſe,
Dwell in his looks, majeſtick but ſerene,
Sweet with no fondneſs, cheerful but not vain,
Bright without terrour, great without diſdain.
His ſoul inſpires us what his lips command,
And ſpreads his brave example thro' the land.
Not ſo the former reigns———
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treaſures of his ſacred breaſt
Are too divine, too vaſt, to be expreſt:
Colours muſt fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now Muſe, purſue the ſatiriſt again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen.
Hark how he bids the ſervile painter draw
In monſtrous ſhapes the patrons of our law;
At one ſlight daſh he cancels ev'ry name
From the white rolls of honeſty and fame:
This ſcribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots ſudden bolts promiſcuous at the baſe and brave,

And with unpardonable malice ſheds
Poiſon and ſpite on undiſtinguiſh'd heads.
Painter, forbear! or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw firſt this poet, like ſome baleful ſtar
With ſilent influence ſhedding civil war,
Or factious trumpeter, whoſe magick ſound
Calls off the ſubjects to the hoſtile ground
And ſcatters helliſh feuds the nations round.
Theſe are the imps of hell, that curſed tribe
That firſt create the plague and then the pain deſcribe.
Draw next above the great ones of our iſle,
Still from the good diſtinguiſhing the vile;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur and command,
Peeling the ſubjects with a greedy hand:

To the diſcontented and unquiet.

Imitated partly from Caſimire, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA! there's nothing here that's free
From weariſome anxiety,
And the whole round of mortal joys
With ſhort poſſeſſion tires and cloys.
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Juſt from the window to the bed:
We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the world a while, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But Fancy, that uneaſy gueſt,
Still holds a lodging in our breaſt;
She finds or frames vexation ſtill,
Herſelf the greateſt plague we feel.
We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife:
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free
Still we affect variety.
Rather than paſs an eaſy day
We fret and chide the hours away,

Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex'd that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track, and ſtill and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon' eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Thro' the ſame caſement ev'ry night.
We ſhift our chambers and our homes
To dwell where trouble never comes.
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods, a hermit ſaint!
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint;
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn;
But humour that eternal thorn
Sticks in her heart; ſhe 's hurry'd ſtill

Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,
Over the deſert or the tide,
On rolling wheels or flying ſails.
  Happy the ſoul that Virtue ſhows
To fix the place of her repoſe,
Needleſs to move, for ſhe can dwell
In her old grandſire's hall as well;
Virtue, that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home,
And eaſy on a native throne
Of humble turf ſits gently down.
  Yet ſhould tumultuous ſtorms ariſe
And mingle earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Should the waves ſwell and make her roll
Acroſs the line or near the pole,
Still ſhe 's at peace, for well ſhe knows
To launch the ſtream that Duty ſhows,
And make her home where'er ſhe goes.
Bear her ye ſeas upon your breaſt,
Or waft her winds from eaſt to weſt
On the ſoft air; ſhe cannot find
A couch ſo eaſy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half ſo kind.

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John Hartopp

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. *imitated.*

Vive jucundæ memens juventæ, &c. *July* 1700.

I.

Live, my dear Hartopp! live to-day,
Nor let the ſun look down and ſay
"Inglorious here he lies:"
Shake off your eaſe, and ſend your name
To immortality and fame
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth 's a ſoft ſcene, but truſt her not;
Her airy minutes ſwift as thought

IV.

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream,
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream.
The pleaſures that the ſmiling day
With large right hand beſtows
Falſely her left conveys away
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play
And cheat her ſilly child;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſs'd hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive——
Down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea
When ſails, and oars, and lab'ring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.

Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt
And grow for future years.

To Thomas Gunſton, Eſq. Happy ſolitude, 1700

Caſimire, Book IV. Ode 12. *imitated.*

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noiſy world complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their ſight and flee
Viſits, and crowds, and company.
Gunſton! the lark dwells in her neſt
Till ſhe aſcend the ſkies.

III.

When I within myſelf retreat
I ſhut my doors againſt the great,
My buſy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various ſcenes of my retiring ſoul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful ſtrife
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a day haſt'ning ('t is an awful day!)
When the Great Sov'reign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak and all we do,
The ſev'ral parts we act on this wide ſtage of clay:
Theſe he approves and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done
I ſhall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend! that ſprings
From vulgar breath and empty ſound:
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
Upon her airy wings

Till Envy ſhoots and Fame receives the wound,
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame:
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet obſcurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if ſociety be due
To keep our taſte of pleaſure new,
Gunſton! I'd live and die with you,
For both our ſouls are one.

VI.

Here we could ſit and paſs the hour,

To John Hartopp, Esq. now Sir John Hartopp, Bart.

The disdain, 1700.

I.

HARTOPP! I love the soul that dares
'Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood, and all thy heav'nly line,
Look thro' the stars and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

To Mitio, my friend.

An epiſtle.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the completeſt happineſs on earth; but you will quickly diſcover that the Muſe in the firſt poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the ſocial life; in the ſecond perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright ideas a little; yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and things ſet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenſure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the moſt important concerns

Gay fields, and ſkies, and ſeas; the actors many,
The plot immenſe; a flight of demons ſit
On ev'ry ſailing cloud with fatal purpoſe,
And ſhoot acroſs the ſcenes ten thouſand arrows
Perpetual and unſeen, headed with pain,
With ſorrow, infamy, diſeaſe, and death:
The pointed plagues fly ſilent thro' the air
Nor twangs the bow, yet ſure and deep the wound.
Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wiſhes an aſſociate: lo! ſhe glides
Single thro' all the ſtorm and more ſecure;
Leſs are her dangers, and her breaſt receives
The feweſt darts. "But O my lov'd Marilla,
"My ſiſter, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! thy growing ſoul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the miſchiefs
"That rove promiſcuous o'er the mortal ſtage.
"Children! thoſe dear young limbs, thoſe tend'reſt pieces
"Of your own fleſh, thoſe little other ſelves,
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimenſions,
"And ſoften ev'ry fibre to improve
"The mother's ſad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too, tho' Heav'n has choſe
"A fav'rite mate for him, of all her ſex
"The pride and flow'r: how bleſs'd the lovely pair
"Beyond expreſſion, if well-mingled loves
"And woes well-mingled could improve our bliſs!

" Amidſt the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the huſband, flatt'ring names,
" That ſpread his title and enlarge his ſhare
" Of common wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but ev'ry hour
" Renews the diſappointment and the ſmart.
" There not a wound afflicts the meaneſt joint
" Of his fair partner or her infant-train
" (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmoſt ſoul.
" Strange is thy pow'r O Love! What num'rous veins,
" And art'ries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and faſten'd to a lover's heart
" By ſtrong but ſecret ſtrings! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoick on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of Nature and of blood;
" Thoſe hidden threads maintain the dear commu-
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions [nion
" Reciprocal give endleſs ſympathy
" In all the bitters and the ſweets of life.
" Thrice happy man if pleaſure only knew
" Theſe avenues of love to reach our ſouls,
" And pain had never found 'em!"

Thus ſang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft' Daphnis came
And oft' Narciſſus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold
And the gay ſilken bondage. Firm ſhe ſtood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation ſtill,

To ſoften life and make our iron cares
Eaſy; but thy own cares of ſofter kind
Give ſharper wounds; they lodge too near the heart,
Beat like the pulſe perpetual, and create
A ſtrange uneaſy ſenſe, a tempting pain.
Say, my companion Mitio, ſpeak ſincere
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous riſe
If but the abſence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly ſmiles
The cheerful ſun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain; the region of thy ſoul
Is darkneſs till thy better ſtar appear.
Tell me what toil, what torment, to ſuſtain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages; fancy roves
Reſtleſs in fond inquiry, nor believes

Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death,
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak! does the ſtranger Muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion, leſt they ſpoil
Thy newborn pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall;
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul

With ſobbing accents, with ſuch ſad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in loneſome ſhades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life, or falls a ſpeedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirſt for blood———————

PART II.

Or, *The bright viſion.*

Thus far the Muſe in unaccuſtom'd mood
And ſtrains unpleaſing to a lover's ear
Indulg'd a gloom of thought, and thus ſhe ſang
Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in ſable robe: the penſive Muſe
Survey'd the darkſome ſcenes of life, and ſought
Some bright relieving glimpſe, ſome cordial ray,
In the fair world of love; but while ſhe gaz'd
Delightful on the ſtate of twinborn ſouls
United bleſs'd the cruel ſhade apply'd
A dark long tube and a falſe tinctur'd glaſs
Deceitful, blending love and life at once
In darkneſs, chaos, and the common maſs
Of mis'ry: now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optick in diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the ſullen form, and lo
The ſcene ſhines bright with bliſs. Behold the place
Where miſchiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,

Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear ſpot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation
To act thy part of life ſerene, and bleſs'd
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.
Sure 't is a viſion of that happy grove
Where the firſt authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in ſweet partnerſhip! one hour they liv'
But chang'd the taſted bliſs (imprudent pair!)
For ſin, and ſhame, and this waſte wilderneſs
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wiſhing Muſe new dreſſes the fair garden
Amid this deſert world with budding bliſs,
And evergreens, and balms, and flow'ry beaut
Without one dang'rous tree: there heav'nly d
Nightly deſcending ſhall impearl the graſs
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the ſpires; the ſpicy vapours
Riſe with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd
Salute your waking ſenſes with perfume,
While vital fruits with their ambroſial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain pure
From vicious taint, and with your innocence
Immortalize the ſtructure of your clay.
On this new Paradiſe the cloudleſs ſkies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unſully'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) meaſures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon

milder rays ſerene ſhould nightly riſe
illorb'd, (if Heav'n and Nature will indulge
fair an emblem) big with ſilver joys,
nd ſtill forget her wane. The feather'd choir
'arbling their Maker's praiſe on early wing,
: perch'd on ev'ning bough, ſhall join your worſhip,
in your ſweet veſpers and the morning ſong.
O ſacred ſymphony! Hark, thro' the grove
ıear the ſound divine! I 'm all attention,
ll ear, all eccſtaſy; unknown delight!
nd the fair Muſe proclaims the heav'n below.
Not the ſeraphick minds of high degree
ſdain converſe with men: again returning
ee th' ethereal hoſt on downward wing:
›! at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand
ıardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
› earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
› taſte their banquet, learn the nobler pleaſures
pernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd
ıphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
ıd intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
ıe Patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
'heav'n; (ſo Milton ſings, enlighten'd bard!
›r miſs'd his eyes when in ſublimeſt ſtrain
ıe angel's great narration he repeats
› Albion's ſons high favour'd) thou ſhalt learn
leſtial leſſons from his awful tongue,
ıd with ſoft grace and interwoven loves

(Grateful digreſſion!) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus with divine diſcourſe in ſhady bow'rs
Of Eden our firſt father entertain'd
Eve his ſole auditreſs, and deep diſpute,
With conjugal careſſes on her lip,
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.
Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates ſeated low
On humble turf with roſe and myrtle ſtrow'd,
But high their conference! How ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
With glories, arm'd with thunders, and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate Love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
" She sang the Infant God, (mysterious theme!)
" How vile his birthplace and his cradle vile!
" The ox and ass his mean companions; there
" In habit vile the shepherds flock around
" Saluting the great Mother, and adore
" Israel's anointed King, th' appointed Heir
" Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his regal state, for thee, my Mitio,
" Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
" Minist'ring round their charge with folded wings
" Obsequious, tho' unseen, while lightsome hours
" Fulfill'd the day, and the gray ev'ning rose:
" Then the fair guardians hov'ring o'er his head,
" Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
" And with their fanning pinions purge the air
" From busy phantoms, from infectious damps
" And impure taint, while their ambrosial plumes
" A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
" Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers sung
" Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
" And kept the darkness chaste and holy: then

" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy Morn
" Smiles in the eaſt with eyelids op'ning fair,
" But not ſo fair as thine. O! I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-babe,
" For ever in theſe arms! for ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
" And ev'ry pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphick love!
" Around my ſeat ſhould crowding cherubs come
" With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
" Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the ſky.
" Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
" Of female fondneſs, and forgive the man
" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"

" (Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry with bending head,
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the Sov'reign and the rebel man;
" Here Satan, overthrown with all his hoſts,
" In ſecond ruin rages and deſpairs;
" Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey
" Long held in ſlav'ry hopes a ſweet releaſe,
" And Adam's ruin'd offſpring ſhall revive,
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of Death."

The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move
Harmonious to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion, while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men, ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heav'n, and ſeal'd on earth with God's own blood:
Here they unite their names again and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſs'd coheirs
Celeſtial! ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And ſpite of earth and hell in ſeaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they ſurvey
The goſpel treaſures infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought, riches divine,

And honours, which th' almighty Father-God
Pour'd with immenſe profuſion on his Son,
High-treaſurer of heav'n. The Son beſtows
The life, the love, the bleſſing, and the joy,
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. "Then my Chariſſa all is thine;"
"And thine, my Mitio, the fair ſaint replies.
"Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
"And place and time are ours, and things to come,
"And paſt and preſent, for our int'reſt ſtands
"Firm in our myſtick Head, the title ſure.
"'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment, while
"We ſojourn ſtrangers here, the fruitful earth
"Bears plenteous, and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
"Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament:

" Shine and releaſe us hence and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home!"
O bleſs'd connubial ſtate! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls
Who ſeek their faithful twins! Your pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, ſerenely calm
As ſummer ev'nings. The vile ſons of earth
Grov'ling in duſt, with all their noiſy jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions with unrivall'd ſway,
Mutual and everlaſting: friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But ev'ry paſſage open as the day
To one another's breaſt and inmoſt mind.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow, [flow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.

I.

Should sov'reign Love before me stan
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring Muse relate
His comforts and his cares,
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign Lov
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene,
Damon is half divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Flavella's breast

Nor can thy ſoul's remoteſt part
Conceal a thought or wiſh from the beloved fair.
Say what a pitch thy pleaſures fly
When friendſhip all ſincere grows up to ecſtaſy,
Nor ſelf contracts the bliſs nor vice pollutes the joy;
While thy dear offspring round thee ſit,
Or ſporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindeſt thoughts engage;
Thoſe little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

III.

But ſhort is earthly bliſs! the changing wind
Blows from the ſickly ſouth, and brings
Malignant fevers on its ſultry wings;
Relentleſs Death ſits cloſe behind:
Now gaſping infants and a wife in tears
With piercing groans ſalutes his ears,
Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling torments roll,
While ſweet and bitter are at ſtrife
In thoſe dear miſeries of life,
Thoſe tend'reſt pieces of his bleeding ſoul.
The pleaſing ſenſe of love a while,
Mixt with the heart-ach, may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight,
Till ſorrows like a gloomy deluge riſe,
Then ev'ry ſmiling paſſion dies,
And hope alone with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and ſolitary, waits the ſlow returning light.

And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway.
So Damon lives and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year
Since half the year is day.

On the death of the Duke of Glouceſter juſt
Dryden, 1700.

An epigram.

DRYDEN is dead; Dryden alone could ſin
The full grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ſter dies: thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give,

An epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

Sic tua, Cirine, promas epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum possis, &c.

Inscribed to Mr. Josiah Hort, 1694.

Now Lord Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the publick stage
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age;
So Maro did: the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroick notes of vast heroick things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus'
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindarick fire,
And at his will could silence all the Lyrick quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragick bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.
A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments, will ev'ry friend bestow.
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferiour feet,
And yields the tend'rest point of honour, wit.

fortaſſè momento, quo meæ ad te perve
que qui te ſcribentem vidit dies, meun
munus excitavit calamum; non inane
fraternum nomen, unicus enim ſpiri
animat, agitque, et concordes in ambo
tus: O utinam creſcat indies et vigeſc
ritas! faxit Deus, ut amor ſui noſtra i
fæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis
flammis erga nos invicem divinum in n
mus; contemplemur Jeſum noſtrum,
adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille e

Qui quondam æterno delapſus ab æth
Induit humanos, ut poſſet corpore noſ
(Heu miſeras!) ſufferre vices; ſponſor
Munia, et in ſeſe tabulæ maledicta mi
Tranſtulit, et ſceleris pœnas hominiſqu
Ecce jace deſertus humi, diffuſus in
Integer, innocuas verſus ſua ſidera pal
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad
Amplexus ſolitoſve; artus nudatus am

Hæc" ait "iratum ſorbebunt pectora ferrum,
Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina ſanguis."
Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli
nfenſuſque Deus; (quem jam poſuiſſe paternum
Muſa queri vellet nomen, ſed et ipſa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta ſilet.) Jam diffilit æther,
Panduntur que fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
ra, et pœnarum theſauros mille coercet,
nde ruunt gravidi veſano ſulphure nimbi,
Centupliciſque volant contorta volumina flammæ
n caput immeritum; diro hic ſub pondere preſſus
Reſtat compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus.
Purpureo * veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
legnius incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat ignes
Acriter, et ſomno languentem ſuſcitat enſem ‡:
'Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue ſacro
'Flumine mucronem; vos hinc mea ſpicula latè
'Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina Chriſtum,
'Immenſum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
'Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulciet incola numen.
'Et tu ſacra Decus Legum, violata tabella,
'Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,
'Mortalis culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
'Permiſtus deitate cruor."
Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ

* Luke xxii. 44. ‡ Zech. xiii. 7.

Dilaniatque ſinus; ſancti penetralia cordis
Pandunter, ſævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem ſcrutator, et ilia mordet;
Intereà Servator *ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illuſtri ‡ perfuſus membra cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miſeros fontes; O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœleſtia?

At ſubſidat phantaſia, vaneſcant imagines; neſcio quo me proripuit amens Muſa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, et ecce! numeri creſcunt in immenſum; dumque concitato genio laxavi frœna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læſerit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata eſt ad me epiſtola indicans matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſeruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi et creſcentes verſus noluêre plura, et coarctârunt ſcriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in ſtudio pietatis et artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à Muſæo meo Londini, xvto kalend. Febr. anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

* Col. ii. 15. ‡ Luke xxii. 24.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo, Sep. 30. 1691.

I Felix, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cœrula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; et Zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum Boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad Reverendum Virum Dm Johannem Pinborne, Fidum adoleſcentiæ meæ præceptorem.

Pindarici carminis ſpecimen, 1694.

I.

Et te, Pinorni, Muſa Triſantica
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraïa per aſpera greſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe manu.
Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridũn iter:
En altus aſſurgens Homerus
Arma deoſque viroſque miſcens

" Ut te collaudem, dum sordes et mala lustra"
Ablutus, Venusine, canis rideseve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedant Satyræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset
Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina circumfusa forent, Sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde, scidisses.
Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audet sæva castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu Numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi aſtabis ſocius perennis,
Seu levi menſæ ſimul affidere
Dignabere, ſeu lecticæ
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos ſuadebis inire ſomnos
Sacra ſopitis ſuperinferens ob-
livia curis,
Stet juxtà Caſimirus *, huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulſit nec Muſa armavit alumnum
Sarbivium * rudiore lyrâ
Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum?
Humana † linquens (en ſibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.

Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter ſidera radens vertice
Longè deſpecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia ſæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras! Cano,
Et miſeras nugas diademata!
Ventoſæ fortis ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Geſtit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens affiata Deo——————
——At vos heroes et arma
Et procul eſte Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum veſtræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut veſtris, Dionyſe, Thyrſis?
Et clava, et anguis, et leo, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii patris,
Abſtate carmine noſtro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te noſtra ſonabit Jeſu
Muſa, nec aſſueto cœleſtes barbiton auſû
Tentabit numeros. Vaſti ſine limite Numen et
Immenſum ſine lege Deum numeri ſine lege ſonabunt.

" Sed Muſam magna pollicentem deſtituit vigor;
" divino jubare perſtringitur oculorum acies. En la-

Ad virum dignissimum Johannem Hartoppium, Baronettum, 1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximo stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit
"Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se Musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

II.

Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidioſa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, et ſonitu tubæ
Longè remotos tranſigerem dies:
Abſtate faſces (ſplendida vanitas)
Et vos abſtate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto caſa ſit, ſalubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Diſtet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthiſis mala, dura tuſſis.
Diſplicet Byrſa et fremitu moleſto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons ſalientis aquæ.

V.

Litigioſa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad ſylvas properans rixoſas execror artes
Eminus in toto à linguis——

Blandimenta artis ſimul æquus odi;
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! et inane ſacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ noſtris inimica Muſis
Felle ſacratum vitias amorem,
Abſis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus eſt Urania,
Et juvenis Jeſſæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleſte carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jeſſæa) lætis auribus infonet,
Nec Watſianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, ſodales, ſemper amabiles,
Nunc ſimul adſitis, nunc viciſſim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

To Mrs. Singer, (now Mrs. Rowe),

On the sight of some of her divine poems, never printed. July 19. 1706.

I.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp, nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath th' ev'ning sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by;
The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighb'ring shepherds cry.
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting Muse was lost,
In the superiour sweetness drown'd:
In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My soul retir'd and left my tongue:
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more: 'twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales and wars of Rome;

And my devotion rise on her feraj

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

An epitaph on King William III. of glorious memory,

Who died March 8th, 1701-2.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)
2. Preſerve, O venerable Pile!
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſh iſle
Weeping commits her richeſt duſt.
3. Ye gentleſt miniſters of Fate
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt ſlumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.
4. Reſt his dear ſword beneath his head,
Round him his faithful arms ſhall ſtand;
Fix his bright enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.
5. Ye ſiſter-arts of Paint and Verſe
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the hearſe,
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

7. Sweet soul! we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God
Till we from bands of clay release.
Spring out and climb the shining road.
8. While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

Epitaphium viri venerabilis Dom. N. Mather.

Carmine lapidario conscriptum, M. S.

Reverendi admodum viri.

NATHANÆLIS MATHERI.

Quod mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.
Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non-fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum et docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio.

On the ſudden death of Mrs. Mary Peacock.

An elegiack ſong, ſent in a letter of condolence to Mr. N. P. merchant at Amſterdam.

HARK! ſhe bids all her friends adieu,
Some angel calls her to the ſpheres,
Our eyes the radiant ſaint purſue
Thro' liquid teleſcopes of tears.

2. Farewell, bright ſoul! a ſhort farewell
Till we ſhall meet again above
In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

3. There glory ſits on ev'ry face,
There friendſhip ſmiles in ev'ry eye,
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

4. O'er all the names of Chriſt our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps ſhall ſound from ev'ry ſtring
The wonders of his bleeding love.

5. Come, Sov'reign Lord, dear Saviour! come,
Remove theſe ſeparating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour how long it ſtays!

6. How long muſt we lie ling'ring here
While ſaints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this duſky ſphere
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè et exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastrienſi 20° Martii 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos Theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii 1697. Ætat 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus

Supra hæc pietas, et (ſi fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modeſtia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quotics in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis ſpecimina
Præſtantiora edidit,
Toties hominem ſedulus occuluit
Ut ſolus conſpiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen ſui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem ſepulchrale marmor
Invito obruit ſilentio.
Gratiam Jeſu Chriſti ſalutiferam
Quam abundè hauſit ipſe, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Conciionator gravis aſpectu, geſtu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat;
Floſculos rhetorices ſupervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majeſtas, et Deus præſens.
Hinc arma militiæ ſuæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum et ſalutare vulnus:

An elegiack thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, who the ſmallpox December 18. 1707, *at one of the the morning, a few days after the birth and deat firſt child.*

AWAKE my Muſe, range the wide world of
And ſeek Vernera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing, for ſhe was born from heav'
Fulfill'd her viſit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels that patrole
The Britiſh ſky have notic'd her aſcent
Near the meridian ſtar; purſue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And Paradiſe her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing ſcapes thy ſearch, nor canſt thou
So fair a ſpirit) ſay, beneath what ſhade
Of amaranth or cheerful evergreen
She ſits, recounting to her kindred minds
Angelick or human her mortal toil

And travels thro' this howling wilderneſs;
By what divine protections ſhe eſcap'd
Thoſe deadly ſnares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to aſſail her virtue;
(Snares ſet to murder ſouls) but Heav'n ſecur'd
The fav'rite nymph and taught her victory.
Or does ſhe ſeek or has ſhe found her babe
Amongſt the infant nation of the bleſs'd,
And claſp'd it to her ſoul to ſatiate there
The young maternal paſſion, and abſolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That ſaw the light, and turn'd its eyes aſide
From our dim regions to th' eternal ſun
And led the parent's way to glory! there
Thou art for ever her's, with pow'rs enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and ſweet converſe.
Behold her anceſtors, (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her ſight rejoice
And ſing her welcome. She along their ſeats
Gliding ſalutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heav'n; and laſt ſhe finds
A manſion faſhion'd of diſtinguiſh'd light
But vacant: "This," with ſure preſage ſhe cries,
"Awaits my father, when will he arrive?
"How long, alas how long!" then calls her mate,
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares!
"Die and partake my bliſs; we are for ever one."
Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams

Crowd with ſweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illuſions all! Inform me Muſe;
Chuſes ſhe rather to retire apart
To recollect her diſſipated pow'rs
And call her thoughts her own; ſo lately freed
From earth's vain ſcenes, gay viſits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs, that wrought her death?
Tell me on what ſublimer theme ſhe dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth purſuing. (When, my ſoul!
O when ſhall thy releaſe from cumbrous fleſh
Paſs the great ſeal of Heav'n? what happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a looſe to ſoar and trace
The intellectual world? divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps ſhe ſings
To ſome new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours, of her Saviour God,
His croſs, his grave, his vict'ry, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them——
Or lies ſhe now before th' eternal throne,
Proſtrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd and ſelf-abaſement, at the ſight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphick crowns pay homage at his feet,
And her's amongſt them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor ſet with meaner gems; but vain ambition,

And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride, for ever baniſh'd flies the place,
Curs'd pride, the dreſs of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O ſtamp upon my ſoul
Some bliſsful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my paſſions and my eyes aſide
From the dear breathleſs clay, diſtreſſing ſight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze, with greedy view
Of melancholy fondneſs; tears bedewing
That form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe diſeaſe
That leagu'd with nature's ſharpeſt pains, and ſpoil'd
So ſweet a ſtructure! the impoiſ'ning taint
O'erſpreads the building wrought with ſkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duſt.

Was this the count'nance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? this the face
Where love triumph'd? and Beauty on theſe cheeks
As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes
Was ſeated to advantage, mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy light! So ſits the ſun,
(Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimſon cloud
Near the horiſon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the ſky, till riſing fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden ſtar, and ſink him down
Oppreſs'd with darkneſs——

On the death of an aged and honoured relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13. 1693.

I.

I Know the kindred mind: 't is ſhe, 't is ſhe;
Among the heav'nly forms I ſee
The kindred mind from fleſhly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the bed
With ghaſtly air and languiſh'd head,
Life on this ſide, there the dead,
While the delaying fleſh lay ſhivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy houſe reſtrain
In toilſome ſlav'ry that ethereal gueſt,
Priſon'd her round in walls of pain,
And twiſted cramps and aches with her chain,
Till by the weight of num'rous days oppreſt
The earthy houſe began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell,
The captive ſoul became her own again:
Tir'd with the ſorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourſcore years,
The pris'ner ſmil'd to be releaſt,
She felt her fetters looſe and mounted to her reſt.

III.

Gaze on my ſoul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;

Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of wo
That hang around thy mem'ry and becloud it ſo.
Come, Fancy, come with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green and ſpotleſs white;
Deep be the tincture and the colours bright
T' expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly piece require a mortal aid;
But if the features too divine
Beyond the pow'r of fancy ſhine
Conceal th'inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.

IV.

Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet;
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to the almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below
And to the breaſt confin'd
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories thro'
The features of the mind.

Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter-Muſe with glancing eye
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh *
That death had long diſjoin'd:
"In the fair tablet they ſhall ſtand
"United by a happier band,"
She ſaid, and fix'd her ſight and drew the manly mind.
Recount the years, my ſong, (a mournful round!)
Since he was ſeen on earth no more;
He fought in lower ſeas and drown'd,
But victory and peace he found
On the ſuperiour ſhore:
There now his tuneful breath in ſacred ſongs
Employs the European and the Eaſtern tongues.
Let the awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the wellknown lute,
Pow'rful numbers, charming wit,
And ev'ry art and ſcience, meet
And bring their laurels to his hand or lay them at his feet.

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, muſick, poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable eſteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ſhip of war 1656, and by blowing up of the ſhip in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

VI.

'Tis done: what beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done; the Muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece Urania from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A funeral poem on the death of Thomas Gunston, Esq. presented to the Right Hon. the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

MADAM, *July* 1701.

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse, but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington, nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the poem that the fair and unfinished

building which he had juſt raiſed for himſelf gave almoſt all the turns of mourning to my thoughts, for I purſue no other topicks of elegy than what my paſſion and my ſenſes led me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did from one part of the fabrick to the other; it riſes from the foundation, ſalutes the walls, the doors and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleaſant retreat where I promiſed myſelf many ſweet hours of his converſation; there my ſong wanders amongſt the delightful ſubjects divine and moral which uſed to entertain our happy leiſure, and thence deſcends to the fields and the ſhady walks where I ſo often enjoyed his pleaſing diſcourſe; my ſorrows diffuſe themſelves there without a limit; I had quite forgotten all ſcheme and method of writing till I correct myſelf, and riſe to the turret again to lament that deſolate ſeat. Now if the criticks laugh at the folly of the Muſe for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them conſider that the meaneſt thing that belonged to ſo valuable a perſon ſtill gave ſome freſh and doleful reflections; and I tranſcribe nature without rule, and repreſent Friendſhip in a mourning dreſs, abandoned to deepeſt ſorrow, and with a negligence becoming wo unfeigned.

Had I deſigned a complete elegy, Madam, on your *deareſt* brother, and intended it for publick view, I *ſhould* have followed the uſual forms of poetry, ſo far *at leaſt* as to ſpend ſome pages in the character and

praiſes of the deceaſed, and thence have taken occaſion to call mankind to complain aloud of the univerſal and unſpeakable loſs; but I wrote merely for myſelf as a friend of the dead, and to eaſe my full ſoul by breathing out my own complaints: I knew his character and virtues ſo well that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myſelf, for the image of them was ever preſent with me, which kept the pain at the heart intenſe and lively, and my tears flowing with my verſe.

Perhaps your Ladyſhip will expect ſome divine thoughts and ſacred meditations mingled with a ſubject ſo ſolemn as this is. Had I formed a deſign of offering it to your hands I had compoſed a more Chriſtian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death ſo ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such as it is your Ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him: all which, as your Ladyſhip's moſt rightful due both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered by,

Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt hearty

and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS

To the dear memory of my honoured friend

Thomas Gurſton, Eſq.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had juſt finiſhed his ſeat at Newton.

O blaſted hopes and of ſhort with'ring joys
Sing heav'nly Muſe; try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful ſong;
Gurſton the juſt, the generous, and the young,
Gurſton the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliſs! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! our ſoaring fancies riſe
On treach'rous wings, and hopes that touch the ſkies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy ſtill deeper in deſpair.

How did our ſouls ſtand flatter'd and prepar'd
To ſhout him welcome to the ſeat he rear'd!
There the dear man ſhould ſee his hopes complete,
Smiling, and taſting ev'ry lawful ſweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling delightful play'd around the ſpheres,
Revolving ſuns ſhould ſtill renew his ſtrength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unuſual length:
But haſty Fate thruſts her dread ſhears between,
Cuts the young life off, and ſhuts up the ſcene.
Thus airy pleaſure dances in our eyes
And ſpreads falſe images in fair diſguiſe.

T' allure our ſouls, till juſt within our arms
The viſion dies, and all the painted charms
Fly quick away from the purſuing ſight
Till they are loſt in ſhades and mingle with the night.
Muſe, ſtretch thy wings, and thy ſad journey bend
To the fair fabrick that thy dying friend
Built nameleſs; 't will ſuggeſt a thouſand things
Mournful and ſoft as my Urania ſings.
How did he lay the deep foundations ſtrong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and laſting! there a num'rous train
Of happy Gunſtons might in pleaſure reign
While nations periſh and long ages run,
Nations unborn and ages unbegun;
Not time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſs'd eſtate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient ſeat.
How fond our fancies are! the founder dies
Childleſs; his ſiſters weep and cloſe his eyes,
And wait upon his hearſe with never-ceaſing cries:
Lofty and ſlow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty ſorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thouſand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's ſacred tears well wat'ring all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the ſable road
But no dear ſon to attend the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young ſorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.

O had he left us one behind to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend; but awful Fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 't was great.
And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hov'ring light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece!
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous; earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Fly the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"
Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And ev'ry door groans doleful as it turns;

The pillars languiſh, and each lofty wall
Stately in grief laments the maſter's fall:
In drops of briny dew the fabrick bears
His faint reſemblance and renews my tears:
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below;
A noble air without a gaudy ſhow
Reigns thro' the model and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain: ſuch was the builder's ſoul.
O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt-lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave,
Vaſt as his ſeat and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day and guard the ſunbeams off;
Thither my willing feet ſhould ye be drawn
At the gray twilight and the early dawn,
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft minutes roll
Numb'ring the ſorrows of my drooping ſoul.
But theſe are airy thoughts; ſubſtantial grief
Grows by thoſe objects that ſhould yield relief:
Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
My grief from ev'ry proſpect courts a wound,
Views the green gardens, views the ſmiling ſkies,
Still my heart ſinks and ſtill my cares ariſe;
My wand'ring feet round the fair manſion rove,
And there to ſooth my ſorrows I indulge my love.
Oft' have I laid the awful Calvin by
And the ſweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To ſee thoſe walls, pay the ſad viſit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold ſome melancholy ſcene
With many a penſive thought and many a ſigh be-
Two days ago we took th' ev'ning air, [tween.
I and my grief and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the weſtern ſun
Broke from black clouds and in full glory ſhone
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the ſea,
And ſudden night devour'd the ſweet remains of day:
Thus the bright youth juſt rear'd his ſhining head
From obſcure ſhades of life and ſunk among the dead.
The riſing ſun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on theſe walls again; but endleſs night
Reigns uncontroli'd where the dear Gunſton lies;
He 's ſet for ever and muſt never riſe.
Then why theſe ſmiles, unſeaſonable ſtar!
Theſe lightſome ſmiles, deſcending from afar
To greet a mourning houſe? in vain the day
Breaks thro' the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a ſhining path along the floors,
Bounding th' ev'ning and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds 'em, while vaſt emptineſs
And hollow ſilence reigns thro' all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,
The ſun will riſe, the tuneful ſpheres will roll,
And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch
the pole.

See while I ſpeak high on her ſable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill;
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions edg'd with ev'ning gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe and glide away,
Slowly purſuing the declining day:
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes
Hangs there unmoveable and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long ev'ning that deſpairs the dawn!
Muſe, view the turret: juſt beneath the ſkies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat!
Sacred to friendſhip! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noiſy Town my friend
From mortal cares retiring ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit,
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet;
Our thoughts ſhould ſtretch their longeſt wings and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies;
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats,
Built high in heav'n for ſouls: we'd trace the ſtreets

Of golden pavement, walk each bliſsful field,
And climb and taſte the fruits the ſpicy mountains
Then would we ſwear to keep the ſacred road, [yield;
And walk right upwards to that bleſs'd abode;
We 'd charge our parting ſpirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' almighty ſeat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus ſhould we mount on bold advent'rous wings
In high diſcourſe and dwell on heav'nly things,
While the pleas'd hours in ſweet ſucceſſion move
And minutes meaſur'd as they are above
By ever-circling joys and ever-ſhining love.

Anon our thoughts ſhou'd lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleaſing ſight,
A large round proſpect, of the ſpreading plain,
The wealthy river and his winding train,
The ſmoky city and the buſy men.
How we ſhould ſmile to ſee degen'rate worms
Laviſh their lives and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty ſound,
Till Envy riſe and ſhoot a ſecret wound
At ſwelling Glory! ſtraight the bubble breaks,
And the ſcenes vaniſh as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, inſolent and proud,
Sink to the duſt and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a reſtleſs thing ſtill vain and wild,
Lives beyond ſixty nor outgrows the child;
His hurrying luſts ſtill break the ſacred bound
To ſeek new pleaſures on forbidden ground,

And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool!
For a ſhort dying joy to ſell a deathleſs ſoul!
'Tis but a grain of ſweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad harveſt of immortal wo.
Another tribe toil in a diff'rent ſtriſe,
And baniſh all the lawful ſweets of life
To ſweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a grain of all the ſtore.
Happy the man that knows the value juſt
Of earthly things, nor is enſlav'd to duſt;
'Tis a rich gift the ſkies but rarely ſend
To fav'rite ſouls: then happy thou my friend,
For thou hadſt learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heav'n beſtow'd with lib'ral hand;
Hence this fair ſtructure roſe, and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet;
In vain 't was made! for we ſhall never meet
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs, each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton! from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunſton lies.
Come hither all ye tend'reſt ſouls that know
The heights of fondneſs and the depths of wo;
Young mothers who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound,
Ye frighted nymphs who on the bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,

Come in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eyelids and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks, come mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.
You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's ties, you that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately one,
And felt a parting ſtroke, 'tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks, I feel:
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh, infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity and deſpair relief:
Paſſion methinks ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks and ſympathy to ſtones.
Ye duſky woods and echoing hills around
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound;
Be all ye flow'ry vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead: the humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintry robes inſtead of youthful green,
And bid the brook that ſtill runs warbling by
Move ſilent on and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb;

The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn *,
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn;
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears;
Ye elms, the rev'rend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſt'ring rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhew your ſorrows: often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway:
Hither our ſouls their conſtant off'rings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt and labours of the thought:
Our op'ning boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled ev'ry care; not was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there thro' both our boſoms roll:
By turns we comfort and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.
Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magick pow'rs
Support thy ſway and charm theſe minds of ours!

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding where ſome years after the lower garden was made.

At that dear ſound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming voice.
Wo to my drooping ſoul! that heav'nly breath
That could ſpeak life lies now congeal'd in death,
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy ſilence dwell.
Yet my fond hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, one gentle word, and then
Gunſton aloud I call: in vain I cry
Gunſton aloud, for he muſt ne'er reply:
In vain I mourn and drop theſe fun'ral tears;
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears.
Wand'ring I tune my ſorrows to the groves,
And vent my ſwelling griefs and tell the winds our loves,
While the dear youth ſleeps faſt and hears them not:
He hath forgot me; in the loneſome vault,
Mindleſs of Watts and friendſhip, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay———
But whither am I led? this artleſs grief
Hurries the Muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabrick to the neighb'ring ground:
The pleaſing hours the happy moments paſt
In theſe ſweet fields reviving on my taſte
Snatch me away reſiſtleſs with impetuous haſte.
Spread thy ſtrong pinions once again my ſong,
And reach the turret thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converſe, but only hears

The noiſy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds ſalute it whiſtling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows rattling ſhow'rs
Laſh the fair ſides; above loud thunder roars;
But ſtill the maſter ſleeps, nor hears the voice
Of ſacred friendſhip nor the tempeſt's noiſe:
An iron ſlumber ſits on ev'ry ſenſe;
In vain the heav'nly thunders ſtrive to rouſe it thence.
One labour more, my Muſe, the golden ſphere
Seems to demand: ſee thro' the duſky air
Downward it ſhines upon the riſing moon,
And as ſhe labours up to reach her noon
Purſues her orb with repercuſſive light,
And ſtreaming gold repays the paler beams of night,
But not one ray can reach the darkſome grave
Or pierce the ſolid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunſton dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like ſome new meteor with diffuſive beams
Thro' the mid heav'n, and overcomes the ſtars;
" So ſhines thy Gunſton's ſoul above the ſpheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
" We ſaw the fleſh ſink down with cloſing eyes,
" We heard thy grief ſhriek out, He dies, he dies!
" Miſtaken grief! to call the fleſh thy friend!
" On our fair wings did the bright youth aſcend;
" All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love
" And ſung his welcome to the courts above;
" *Gentle Ithuriel* led him round the ſkies,
" *The buildings* ſtruck him with immenſe ſurpriſe

" The ſpires all radiant and the manſions bright,
" The roof high vaulted with ethereal light;
" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſat
" In heav'nly diamond, and for ev'ry gate
" On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign thro' ev'ry part;
" Infinite pow'r and uncreated art
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtranger ſhow
" How it outſhines the nobleſt feats below:
" The ſtranger fed his gazing pow'rs a while
" Tranſported, then with a regardleſs ſmile
" Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the cryſtal floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania! leave the doleful ſtrain;
Raphael commands, aſſume thy joys again:
In everlaſting numbers ſing, and ſay
" Gunſton has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day,
" Gunſton the friend lives ſtill, and give thy groans away."

An elegy on Mr. Thomas Gouge.

To Mr. Arthur Shallet, merchant.

WORTHY SIR,

THE ſubject of the following elegy was high in your eſteem, and enjoyed a large ſhare of your affections: ſcarce doth his memory need the aſſiſtance of the *Muſe to* make it perpetual; but when ſhe can at once *pay her* honours to the venerable dead, and by this

addreſs acknowledge the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant, I. WATTS.

To the memory of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gouge, who died Jan. 8. 1699-700.

I.

YE virgin-ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates not to flow *,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint
Array'd in beauty and in wo,
Awake, ye virgin-ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate ſuch charming grief,
I 'd teach the ſeas and teach the ſkies
Wailings, and ſobs, and ſympathies,
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes and ſtones have ears
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath:
He came commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal aim and brought great Gouge to duſt.

* Pſal. cxxxvii. Lam. i. 2, 3.

III.

Great Gouge to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is, and how wide the wou
Oh painful ſtroke, diſtreſſing death!
A wound unmeaſurably wide;
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.
The Muſe that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and groans,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones,
And in deep ſounding numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak and England poor:
Nature herſelf with all her ſtore
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The rev'rend man let all things mourn:
Sure he was ſome ethereal mind
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th' angelick frame;
The ſame ingredients and the mould the ſame
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things;
Mortals! believe what my Urania ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up thro' the ocean of the ſky
Tow'rd the celeſtial coaſt!
With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar
Till earth's dark ball was ſeen no more,
And all its mountains loſt!
Scarce could the Muſe purſue him with her ſight;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft' you met his wondrous flight
And knew the ſtranger well;
Say how he paſt the radiant ſpheres
And viſited your happy ſeats,
And trac'd the wellknown turnings of the golden [ſtreets,
And walk'd among the ſtars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlaſting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious ſight
Of the inheritance of ſaints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft' the humble ſcholar came,
And to your ſongs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal baſe that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he ſaw,
Full of mercy full of awe;
The glories of his pow'r and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous ſprings
Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel and the fiery law
In that majeſtick face;
That face did all his gazing pow'rs employ
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy.
The rolls of Fate were half unſeal'd,
He ſtood adoring by,
The volumes open'd to his eye,
And ſweet intelligence he held
With all his ſhining kindred of the ſky.

VII.

Ye ſeraphs that ſurround the throne
Tell how his name was thro' the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own.
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blaſphemers ſhrink and fear ‡.
Impudent tongues! to blaſt a Prophet's name!
The poiſon ſure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt duſt and blot the whiteſt fame.
Impudent tongues! you ſhould be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

‡ *Tho'he* was ſo great and good a man he did not eſcape cenſure.

VIII.

" We ſaw him," ſay the ethereal throng,
" We ſaw his warm devotions riſe,
" We heard the fervour of his cries,
" And mix'd his praiſes with our ſong;
" We knew the ſecret flights of his retiring hours,
" Nightly he wak'd his inward pow'rs;
" Young Iſrael roſe to wreſtle with his God, [tow'rs
" And with unconquer'd force ſcal'd the celeſtial
" To reach the bleſſing down for thoſe that ſought
" Oft' we beheld the Thund'rer's hand [his blood.
" Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe,
" As oft' we ſaw the rolling Vengeance ſtand
" Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
" While his aſcending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight
My Muſe, and bring the wondrous man to ſight;
Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And ev'ry ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way
Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong,
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the torrent flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away and thoughts and
ſouls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there,
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care!

X.

But heav'nly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight,
While we belong to clay,
Paſſions of terrour and delight
Demand alternate ſway.
Behold the man whoſe awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe!
He ſtands the herald of the threat'ning ſkies;
Lo on his rev'rend brow the frowns divinely riſe,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue and lightning in his eyes!
Round the high roof the curſes flew,
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the Atheiſt fled,
His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the Atheiſt thro',
And o'er his inmoſt pow'rs a ſhudd'ring horrour ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaſpheming ſouls of harden'd ſteel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound:
The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now Muſe aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſooth the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience and aſſuage the pain.
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtraight the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again.
The op'ning ſkies almoſt obey
His pow'rful ſong; a heav'nly ray
Awakes deſpair to light and ſheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recalls the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Thro' all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary,
And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns,
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he ſung the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear and balmy as the blood.

XIII.

Down to the manſions of the dead
With trembling joy our ſouls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his he
Darkneſs and ſhades among;
With pleaſing horrour we ſurvey
The caverns of the tomb
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The riſing God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking ſaints, a long triu

XIV.

See the bright ſquadrons of the ſky

And gnaws th' eternal braſs that binds him to the wheels:
The op'ning gates of bliſs receive their King,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light and beamy robes
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below;
Vaſt was his truſt and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal.
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command;
He knew the pity of Imanuel's heart
And terrours of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out to hear
The embaſſies of love he bare,
While ev'ry ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound;
Attention ſtood with all her pow'rs,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

Who feel the loſs come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine.
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heav'nly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our ſongs
And awful threat'nings languiſh on our tongs
Howe is a great but ſingle name,
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone,
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſs'd for the flight and ready to be gone.
Eternal God! command his ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wiſh his age were one immortal day
But when the flaming chariot 's come
And ſhining guards t'attend thy Prophet home

CONTENTS.

BOOK II.

	Page
To her Majeſty,	1
Palinodia,	4
To John Locke, Eſq. retired from buſineſs,	5
To John Shute, Eſq. on Mr. Locke's ſickneſs,	6
To Mr. William Nokes. Friendſhip,	7
To Nathaniel Gould, Eſq.	8
To Dr. Thomas Gibſon. The life of ſouls,	9
To Milo. Falſe greatneſs,	11
To Sariſſa. An epiſtle,	13
To Mr. Thomas Bradbury. Paradiſe,	16
Strict religion very rare,	19
To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood,	21
To Wm. Blackbourn, Eſq. *Caſimire*, b. ii. ode 2.	23
True monarchy,	24
True courage,	26
To Mr. T. Rowe. Free philoſophy,	28

Page
To the Rev. Mr. Benoni Rowe. The way of the multitude, 30
To the Rev. Mr. John Howe, 31
The disappointment and relief, 33
The hero's school of morality, 35
Freedom, 37
On Mr. Locke's Annotations, &c. 39
True riches, 41
The adventurous Muse, 44
To Mr. Nicholas Clarke. The complaint, 46
The afflictions of a friend, 48
The reverse; or, The comforts of a friend, 50
To the Right Hon. John Lord Cutts. The hardy soldier, 51
Burning several poems of Ovid, Martial, &c. 52
To Mrs. B. Bendish. Against tears, 54
Few happy matches, 55
To David Polhill, Esq. An epistle, 57
The celebrated victory of the Poles, &c. *Casimire*, b. iv. ode 4. 59
To Mr. Henry Bendish. The Indian philosopher, 67
The happy man, 70
To David Polhill, Esq. An answer to an infamous satire against King William, 74
To the discontented and unquiet. *Casimire*, b. iv. ode 15. 79

Page
To John Hartopp, Eſq. *Caſimire*, b. i. ode 4. 82
To Tho. Gunſton, Eſq. Happy ſolitude. *Caſimire*, b. iv. ode 12. 84
To John Hartopp, Eſq. The diſdain, 87
To Mitio, my friend. Part I. The mourning piece, 88
Part II. Or, The bright viſion, 93
Part III. Or, The account balanced, 102
On the death of the Duke of Glouceſter, *&c.* An epigram, 104
An epigram of Martial to Cirinus, inſcribed to Mr. Joſiah Hort, 105
Epiſtola fratri ſuo dilecto, R. W. *&c.* 106
Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo, 109
Ad reverendum virum Dominum Johannum Pinhorne. Carmen Pindaricum, 110
Ad Johannem Hartoppium, Baronetum. Votum, ſeu vita in terris beata, 114
To Mrs. Singer, on the ſight of ſome of her divine poems never printed, 117

BOOK III.

An epitaph on King William, 119
An elegiack ſong on the ſudden death of Mrs. Peacock, 121
Epitaphium Domini Nathanielis Matheri, 122

...gy on the Reveren

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
May 11. 1752.

END OF VOLUM